

The American Girl

15c a copy

JANUARY

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

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The Best Gift of ALL!



JEAN tied a silver ribbon around an exciting sky-blue package dotted with silver stars. Other boxes, wrapped in gay papers and decorated with sprigs of holly, stood beside her on the table.

"These are all 'gifts from the kitchen' that you made, yourself, from Jane Carter's recipes in the December *AMERICAN GIRL*, aren't they?" asked Joan, holding her finger firmly on the knot so the ribbon would not slip.

"Uh-huh," agreed Jean. "This one is Scripture Cake, and there are assorted cookies in the other boxes. They're for my aunts—and, if I do say it as shouldn't, they're somep'n elegant."

Joan grinned. "Bet they'll think you're a smart girl when they set their teeth in those." Then she drew her brows together thoughtfully. "Jeanie, I haven't a *thing* for Kitty Carman, or for Midge Henderson, either; and I can't seem to think of anything. Have you any bright ideas?"

"Well, I should say I have!" said Jean emphatically. "Kitty is nuts on *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—and she can't afford to renew her subscription this year, with all the hard luck the Carmans have been having. There's nothing you

could give her she'd like as well as a subscription to the magazine. And Midge is just our age—she'd be sure to love it, too."

"You said it!" cried Joan. "There's still time—and I know the magazine sends out a swell Christmas card to the person who's getting a gift subscription!"

"There's a new Christmas offer right now, too," said Jean earnestly. "You can get two or more yearly gift subscriptions for a dollar apiece—instead of a dollar-and-a-half. That way you save a dollar on two subscriptions."

"Hooray!" Joan pawed around for her pocketbook. "That comes out exactly right, for I'd planned to spend a dollar on each of those gals. Guess I'll go up to your desk right now and send in the subscriptions. There's nothing like striking while the iron is hot!"

Send \$2.00 today for two one-year gift subscriptions to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., % *Girl Scouts, Inc.*

(This offer holds good until December thirty-first.)

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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Courtesy of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES—NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JANUARY • 1936

WHERE IS SYLVIA?

The author of "Bright Lagoon," "The Wind from Spain," and the "Sally Lou" series, tells a mystery story with a New York setting in this exciting new serial

By
**MARGUERITE
ASPINWALL**

THE Washington Express drew to a jarless stop in the Pennsylvania Station in New York City, and the usual confusion ensued of hurried passengers claiming bags and suitcases, and beckoning to hovering Redcaps. A slender girl in black, with a small black hat tilted smartly over scarcely less black curls, stepped off one of the Pullmans and stood hesitating for a moment on the outskirts of the pushing crowd about the pile of luggage.

Her glance, which moved anxiously over the milling platform, seemed to indicate that she expected to be met by someone, but from the uncertainty with which her eyes traveled from person to person it might also have been guessed that whoever it was, was a stranger to her.

One gloved finger tip-tapped a bit impatiently—or was it nervously?—on a corner of her black leather hand-bag, and a tiny pucker appeared on her smooth forehead.

Someone said, just beside her, "Excuse me, but I'm looking for Miss Judy Tremaine."

It was a masculine voice, friendly and young, and obviously hailing from south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The girl turned quickly, and found herself gazing up at a tall young man in a gray overcoat, holding a soft hat in one hand. He had a dark, rather sensitive face, with frank eyes and a smile as friendly as his voice.

"You are Judy Tremaine, aren't you?" he asked, the smile widening. And added, at her murmured assent, "I'm Randolph Mason, a cousin of the Colbys. Randy, for short.

Karen and Richard and I all came to meet you. Richard's waiting by the train gate upstairs, and Karen's at the taxi entrance, in case I missed you."

"How nice of you!" Judy Tremaine said, smiling back at him—and somehow he was surprised to see that her

eyes were a warm gray instead of the brown that he had expected. "I've never been in New York before, and I was—just for a moment—a little afraid that no one was here." She drew a long breath of relief, and the young man laughed.

He had taken her suitcase in one hand and, with the other, was steering her deftly through the last of the passengers, up the iron staircase.

At the top step he hailed a sandy-haired boy of perhaps seventeen standing close to the gate.

"Got her the first try," he announced gaily. And added with exaggerated gallantry to the girl beside him, "Your step-cousin and servant, ma'am, Richard Colby."

"Hello, Richard," Judy said, a faint grin twitching at one corner of her rather wide mouth. "It's mighty sweet of you Colbys to take a strange girl in for the winter."

"We're glad to have you," Richard answered with a frank sincerity not to be mistaken. "There hasn't been any other subject discussed in the Colby household for the past few weeks. Let's go find Karen, and—oh, there she comes now! She's seen you."

Judy's eyes followed Richard's, hastily, to a girl who was racing across the concourse toward them.

The newcomer arrived like a small, excited whirlwind.

She was a little thing, slim and golden and eager. Judy, watching her, thought that except for their eyes being the same shade of blue, there was no trace of a family likeness between the brother and sister. Yet they were, as she knew, twins.

There was no shyness in Karen Colby. Standing on tip-toe, she pulled the taller Judy down for a cousinly kiss.

"There, that's for a good beginning," she announced. "Welcome to our city! I knew I was going to like you, Judy, and I do!"

THEY all laughed at the vehemence she put into that impulsive greeting, but Judy, though she laughed with them, was conscious of gratitude for being made to feel so beautifully at home.

"We'll take the subway downtown," Randy said, as the four swung across the big, echoing station. "Never been in the famous New York subway, have you, Judy?" Her emphatic shake of the head and her eager look seemed to amuse him. "Oh, by the way," he added, in afterthought, "haven't you a trunk somewhere?"

Judy gave a startled ejaculation. "Well, I certainly have! I completely forgot it." She extracted the check from her hand bag and Richard took possession of it.

To Judy, fresh from the peaceful countryside of West-leigh, Maryland, the amazing roar and tumult of the subway—even at this comparatively quiet, early-afternoon hour—made the mere notion of attempting conversation an impossibility.

She smiled in subdued fashion at her companions, and inwardly confessed to relief when Randy rose to his feet and picked up her suitcase, in signal that their station had been reached. They filed out after him on to the platform announced by the station signs as Sheridan Square.

"This is really Christopher Street," Karen explained to her cousin as they started up the stone steps. "You've heard of Greenwich Village, of course, Judy. Well, this is part of it."

Judy, craning her neck in an effort to peer into the street above, stubbed her toe against some small object on the next to the last step, and would have stumbled but for Randy's quick hand on her elbow.

With a little exclamation, she stooped and picked up a dark blue leather bill fold.

It was dusty, and a good deal worn at the corners, but it must originally have been a smart adjunct to some well-made and well-designed hand bag.

There proved to be neither name nor address stamped inside, but Judy's exploring fingers discovered a folded envelope in the right-hand compartment, and three crumpled dollar bills.

The envelope was addressed to Dr. Robert Mason, at an address on Locust Street in Philadelphia.

"This doesn't look like a man's bill fold," Judy objected.

"It isn't," Randy said confidently. "That letter's been returned to the sender by the Philadelphia Post Office, because this Dr. Mason, whoever he is—funny he should have my name—has moved and left no forwarding address. See here—here's the stamped post office notice! Look on the back of the envelope for the writer's name."

Judy turned the letter over, and then held it toward him. There was a return address, just as Randy had predicted. "Sylvia Mason,—West Ninth Street, New York City."

"Another cousin," Judy chuckled. "How very appropriate you should have been with me when I stubbed my toe on it."

Then she said, "Oh, look, Randy!" in a different tone, as a small oblong snapshot slid out of the slit envelope into her palm.

They glanced at it together in idle curiosity.

It had probably been taken in spring or early summer, and in a park somewhere, for there was a background of budding

trees, and the base of a tall bronze statue of which they could not make out the top. In the foreground was a wide cement walk, with a strip of garden at the side.

There was only one person in the picture—a girl, not exactly plump but delicately rounded, with a dimple in a square, stubborn chin, and wide-apart, grave young eyes that looked straight out of the snapshot. Her hair rippled loosely over her ears, from where it was drawn back into what was evidently a knot low on her neck.

Impulsively Judy turned the snapshot over, and they read, in a small, neat hand on the back, "Taken by Uncle Robert in Rittenhouse Square on my sixteenth birthday."

"Suppose that's Cousin Sylvia in person?" Randy asked, eyeing the little snapshot with interest. "I wouldn't mind at all claiming a kid like that for a cousin. Think I'll have to look into the matter." He grinned at Judy and added, "That Ninth Street address is just a short distance from where we are now. If you don't mind going a few steps out of our way, we can stop and return the lady her bill fold and money."

Karen and Richard, who had by now missed the others and come back to see what was delaying them, were gaily insistent that Randy deliver the bill fold himself, immediately, and claim an unknown cousin.

They all joked about it light-heartedly on the block north



THE WOMAN SEEMED TO MAKE UP HER MIND SUDDENLY ABOUT SOMETHING. "IF THERE'S MONEY IN IT, IT'S MINE BY RIGHTS," SHE SAID HARSHLY

to Ninth Street, making wild guesses at the identity and possible degree of relationship of "Sylvia." Karen, who had a sweet, true voice, warbled the opening bars of the old song "Who is Sylvia?" as an appropriate accompaniment to their errand.

Five minutes later the four were standing in front of a drab brownstone house, with the number they were in search of displayed on the dingy glass panel of the front door.

"Rooming house—run-down—cheap," Randy summed it up, frowning in distaste at its uninviting appearance. "Must have been quite a fine old house once, but this whole neighborhood has deteriorated. I'd say Cousin Sylvia was pretty hard up, to be living in a dump like this."

Judy shivered fastidiously. "Ugh-h! What a homesick-looking place! Oh, come on, let's get it over!"

The twins remained on the sidewalk, feeling no desire for a closer acquaintance with the forbidding house, and Judy and Randy ran up the dirty brownstone steps. A chilly January wind swept down the street at that moment, and swirled the steps' accumulation of dust about their ankles. The iron railing was cracked and unmistakably in need of paint, and one whole segment of the handrail was missing.

Judy said, pausing with her finger on the bell, "That bill fold was expensive once, too. I'm afraid you're right about your cousin Sylvia having come down in the world, Randy."

The front door opened to disclose a gaunt-looking woman in rusty black, whose small, discontented eyes surveyed them apathetically from behind thick-lensed spectacles.

"Does Miss Sylvia Mason live here?" Randy asked.

The woman said shortly, "No," and made a motion to shut the door in their faces.

Taken aback by this flat and unexpected denial, Randy stumbled for his next words, and Judy, afraid the door would be entirely shut before he found his tongue, burst out anxiously, "But we have her pocketbook, with this address on a letter."

She stopped instinctively, at the change in the woman's face.

"Oh, in that case," the landlady said, more civilly, "you can leave it with me, if you like. The young lady did live here for several months, but she left us day before yesterday. I dare say she'll be back, or write where her trunk's to be sent, before long."

Judy glanced at Randy. "As you're not sure she's coming back," he told the woman promptly, "perhaps we'd better keep the bill fold, and leave our address with you."

She looked displeased at this suggestion, but she offered no comment. Randy, taking a notebook from his pocket,



Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN

wrote Mrs. Colby's address on North Washington Square, and the telephone number.

The woman seemed to make up her mind suddenly about something.

"If there's money in it, it's mine by rights," she said harshly. "She left owing me three weeks' room rent."

Randy was embarrassed by the unexpected turn to their errand. "Oh, I—see. But I'm afraid we couldn't do that. You—you don't know where we can reach Miss Mason, do you?"

"I don't know anything about her," the other retorted sullenly. "She kept to herself all the while she was here. She had a job somewhere downtown, but I never knew where. I suppose she lost it. About a month ago she stopped going out at her usual time in the morning, and she looked worried. Jobs are scarce these days. I guess she didn't find another."

There was a pause. The woman made another gesture as if impatient to shut the door, and Judy murmured, uncertainly, "But if she does come back, you'll give her our address, won't you?"

The landlady nodded without interest. Apparently it was all in the day's work, so far as she was concerned. She seemed relieved when her visitors turned away, discouraged, and shut the door unceremoniously upon them.

Judy and Randy walked rather solemnly down the steps, and rejoined the other two on the sidewalk. Explanations followed, and as they started eastward toward Washington Square, they discussed with animation the question of what they ought to do next toward returning the unfortunate Sylvia her lost property.

"We could advertise the bill fold in the Lost and Found columns," Richard offered.

"I wonder," Judy said thoughtfully, "who this Dr. Robert Mason is? I honestly think, under all the circumstances," she went on quite firmly, "we'd be justified in reading her letter to him. It may give us a clue as to where she may have gone."

They all looked instinctively at Randy to see what he thought of the suggestion.

He considered it gravely, and finally nodded.

"I THINK Judy's right," he declared. "If anything in this letter can help us to locate the poor kid. . . . Anyway, we've three dollars of hers that would mean several days' meals to her, at least, in her present circumstances," he reminded them. "It's rotten to think of a girl turned out of her room—no job, her trunk held, and to cap all that, losing her purse with her last three dollars."

"Judy, you read it out loud," Karen said. She was finding the little adventure as exciting as one of her favorite mystery tales. It didn't seem any more real to her, actually, than the printed story would have done. She jogged Judy's elbow impatiently. "Hurry up, darling!"

Standing there in a huddle on the windy street corner, the three listened breathlessly as Judy drew the letter from the blue bill fold, and began to read:

"—West 9th Street,
January 1st, 1936

"Dear Uncle Robert:

"I'll begin by wishing you a Happy New Year! I do wish that with all my heart, though maybe after what happened just one year ago on last New Year's Eve, you won't believe me.

"I'll be honest and admit that perhaps I wouldn't have written now, if things weren't just about as desperate with me as they can be. Some of your predictions have come true, you see. I lost my job a month ago. And I hadn't been able to save much out of a first-job salary. The little I did save is all used up now—except for a few dollars—and I'm a week behind with my room rent already. The landlady isn't the kind to be lenient about that, either. I suppose she can't be.

"Please—for old times' sake—won't you lend me something to tide me over until I land another job? I'll begin to pay it back out of my first pay envelope, when I get one.

"Your affectionate niece,
"Sylvia"

There was a scrawled postscript: "Do you remember when we took each other's pictures in Rittenhouse Square that day last year? I always meant to send you this, but I wasn't sure you'd want it."

"Oh—dear," Karen said in frank dismay. "That's—awfully tough, Judy!"

Nobody answered her, but they were all rather subdued when they emerged upon that lovely open space with its bare winter trees and the shining white marble of its triumphal arch, that was Washington Square.

The late afternoon was drawing toward twilight. Already the sun had sunk behind the higher roofs to
(Continued on page 45)



MR. GABRIEL'S BALL GOWN

*A glamorous story about a Northern girl in the South,
and her adventure at a Washington's Birthday ball*

By
RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND



CYNTHIA ADAMS tore open an important-looking envelope with an embossed crest that lay beside her plate at the breakfast table. When she had finished reading the note inside, she opened her mouth to utter a whoop of joy, but closed it again, hastily. One did not whoop in the presence of Aunt Hester Pinckney, though one might smile, or even discreetly laugh.

"It's an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. St. George Ravenel to a party on February twenty-second!" she said sedately, though her eyes danced.

Aunt Hester nodded. "They always come from Charleston and open their beautiful old Beaufort house for a party for their daughter Julia on Washington's Birthday. Most of the guests are young people from Charleston but, of course, when they heard that you were visiting me, they'd wish to send you an invitation. It's a costume dance; that is, the guests are supposed to dress as people did before the War."

"Well, that's not so very long ago," Cynthia smiled. "I ought to be able to manage that, Aunt Hester."

"I mean the War between the States," said Miss Pinckney.

"Oh, that won't be so easy. Are there costumers here like those in Boston?"

"Not in Beaufort, my dear. Most South Carolina families keep their heirlooms, and would rather wear their own ancestors' clothes than garments that have been used by strangers."

"Have you such a gown for me?" Cynthia asked eagerly.

"I have one of turquoise blue that belonged to your great-great Aunt Rachel." Miss Pinckney surveyed her niece appraisingly. "No, Aunt Rachel's wouldn't do; your coloring is too brunette. Apricot, or primrose-yellow, would be better. Unfortunately most of our heirlooms were destroyed in the fire, you remember."

Cynthia nodded. She had learned to pretend that she remembered everything that had happened to the South Carolina branch of the family; otherwise she had to listen to so much history.

"I'll see if Cousin Clara has a gown that would suit," Miss Pinckney concluded.

Cynthia glanced at the invitation. "The twenty-second of February. Why, that's day after tomorrow. I'll have to get busy."

"Probably they've only just heard that you were here. But there's plenty of time." Miss Pinckney's placid

voice seemed to caress each syllable.

Placidity—that was the keynote of Beaufort, Cynthia reflected. She had been told that, in the days before the Civil War, this little town on the coast, opposite the Sea Islands, had been the favorite watering place of the fashionable families of Charleston. Long since, however, it had been laid away in lavender, or rather in jasmine and Cherokee roses and the silver moss that hung in wide festoon:

from the ancient live oaks.

Now, in February, bluebirds were picking up crumbs on the lawn when Cynthia went out with her aunt to do the marketing. "There was snow at home," she said, "but here your roses are blooming. Just look at those on the fence of that house across the street!"

"The Randolph house," said Miss Pinckney. "Yes, Mr. Gabriel Randolph is a famous gardener." She gave a sigh. "It's hard to think of his having to leave the house where three generations of his family were born."

"Why does he have to leave, Aunt Hester?"

Miss Pinckney shrugged her shoulders. "He can't afford to keep the house, my dear. The interest on the mortgage and the taxes are more than he can pay, in these times."

"What a shame! Has he any children?"

"No, he has always been a bachelor. For years he has lived there with old Isaiah, his butler."

THEY went on to market on the water front, where Miss Pinckney inspected meats and vegetables, and took her own time in deciding what to buy. Her orders finally given, she said to her niece, "Now, Cynthia, I'm going to visit Mrs. Hayden, who's recovering from lumbago. Perhaps you'd prefer to take a walk, or to amuse yourself at home."

"You won't forget the gown for the party?" Cynthia reminded.

"Of course not, my dear. I shall visit Cousin Clara this afternoon."

"Okay!" said Cynthia, and quickly added, "I mean, thank you ever so much. I do want to be a credit to the family."

Walking home by herself, she caught sight of a small white-haired man who was cutting some of the rosebuds along the fence of the Randolph house. At her approach he looked up, then bowed and smiled. "Good morning, Miss Cynthia Adams," he said in a soft, unhurried Southern voice.

"Good morning," smiled Cynthia. "Are you Mr. Gabriel Randolph?"

"Yes, Miss Cynthia."

"What beautiful roses!"

"You admire them?" He held up a bunch of the blossoms.

Cynthia nodded. "Aunt Hester says you're a famous gardener."

THE wrinkled face beamed. "She's much too flattering. But since she's so good as to say so, I'd like to send her this small bouquet."

Cynthia murmured her thanks. "Aunt Hester will be so pleased."

"Will you not come in while I get a paper to protect your fingers from the thorns?" invited Mr. Gabriel. He swung open the picket gate and bowed for her to enter. "My



house is in disarray, so I must ask you to excuse it. Isaiah—that's my serving-man—is packing some boxes."

Cynthia went with him up the brick walk to the porticoed porch, and in at the front door. The hall was spacious, with a well-waxed floor and a beautiful crystal chandelier which was reflected in a number of tall pier glasses.

On a console table lay a pile of wrapping paper, and Mr. Gabriel quickly and deftly made a holder for the bouquet. Meantime Cynthia was looking, through open doors, at the drawing and dining rooms, and up a stairway with fluted newel post and balusters.

"What a wonderful old house!" she exclaimed. "How you must love it!" Then she flushed unhappily, remembering what Aunt Hester had told her.

"I do," said Mr. Gabriel. "Would you care to look around? Pray excuse some packing boxes. . . . We—er—are going away. Not just now, you know. Later on. . . . But we must be ready. I am taking some things with me. The rest will be sold at auction." He led her from room to room, explaining with touching pride the architecture, the paneling, the furniture, the family portraits.

In a room on the second floor he opened a large oak chest. "Perhaps these will interest a young lady. I don't know what to do with them. . . . A museum perhaps." Stooping, he lifted carefully from the chest a nectarine-colored satin gown,

the skirt trimmed with flounces of fine old yellow lace.

"A ball gown that belonged to my great-grandmother. But who wants such things nowadays?"

Without thinking, Cynthia cried, "Oh, I do, Mr. Gabriel!"

Her host looked surprised. "You, my dear young lady? What would you do with it? Young ladies must be in the fashion, and this gown is nearly a hundred years old."

Cynthia, much confused, tried to explain. "I didn't mean that, Mr. Gabriel. But it is such a heavenly color—and, you

Illustrated by ORSON LOWELL



CYNTHIA WAS ENTRANCED WITH THE LOVELINESS OF THE ROOM AND THE BEAUTY OF THE OLD-TIME MUSIC

see, I've been invited to the Ravenels' party, and Aunt Hester says every girl is expected to wear an old-fashioned evening gown."

Mr. Gabriel held up the satin dress, turned it around, measured it and Cynthia with his eye. "It would fit you, I think," he said. "And there are slippers and stockings to wear with it."

"Oh, I couldn't—" began Cynthia.

"There, there, my dear child. Do not deprive me of that pleasure. I was wondering what to do with this gown and various other heirlooms—and some good fairy has sent you to answer the question. I shall be delighted to have you wear it at the Ravenels', and I only regret that I shall not have

the happiness of seeing how beautiful you will look in it."

Mr. Gabriel's smile was wistful, and Cynthia perceived that it would please him greatly if she were to wear the gown. "You are too kind. It's really wonderful of you," she told him with a quick change of front. "I shall be so happy to borrow it, and I promise to take good care of it."

"Isaiah shall take it to your aunt's house this afternoon, with the other things that go with it," said Mr. Gabriel happily.

When Miss Pinckney came home to lunch, her niece gave her the roses and told her about the gown.

"Well, I don't know," hesitated

Aunt Hester. "It's not one of our family heirlooms—"

"Oh, I couldn't refuse to wear it now," Cynthia protested. "It's simply swell—that is, I mean the color suits me perfectly. Besides, Mr. Gabriel really wants me to wear the dress, and—and—he is so unhappy about having to give up that darling place, that I just couldn't refuse."

That afternoon Mammy Jane, who had been with Aunt Hester as long as Cynthia could remember, brought a large pasteboard box into the living room, announcing, "Massa Gabr'el's Isaiah done brung dis foh yo', Missy."

Eagerly Cynthia opened the box, and as eagerly Miss Pinckney looked over her shoulder. "What a love!" exclaimed Aunt Hester as her niece held up the gown for her to see.

"And he's sent a slip, and a wreath of roses, and a belt, and silk stockings, and yellow satin slippers that tie with ribbons!" Cynthia cried delightedly.

There were some alterations to be made, of course; the

bodice was a trifle too tight, the skirt a bit too long, but Mammy Jane was as good at dressmaking as she was at cooking. All day she ripped and stitched. When she finished, Cynthia tried on the gown. To her joy, it fitted her as if it had been made for her.

"When Ah curl yo' hair, an' put dem blush roses on yo' pretty head, Missy, dar won't be a young lady in Charleston kin tech yo'," Mammy Jane declared.

NEXT morning Cynthia stopped at Mr. Gabriel's to tell him how perfectly the dress fitted, but Isaiah told her that his master was out. "It'll sho' please him to heah yo' like it, Missy," the ancient servant said. Then he added somberly, "Massa Gabr'el doan git much pleasure dese days."

"I'm so sorry you're going to leave this beautiful home, Isaiah," said Cynthia, feeling a little ashamed of her own pleasure at the prospect of the party.

"Yas'm. We-all gwine to leave, Massa Gabr'el an' me. He say gwine take a powerful lot o' money—more'n he got—to keep on livin' in dis hyah house." Then he brightened. "You-all gwine wear Miss Sally's ball gown, Missy—what she done wear to de St. Cecilia. Massa Gabr'el he suah would enjoy seein' dat!"

Cynthia walked away musingly and that afternoon she made a plan. After dinner she talked to Mammy Jane and gave her a commission to do for her that evening. Then she went to her room and dressed herself in the gown, complete as she would wear it to the Ravenels' party. The nectarine satin had a lovely glow over the pale pink slip; from a blush rose on each shoulder, a yellow ribbon was draped and caught under another blush rose above the center of the yellow satin belt; the wide skirt with its lace flounces hung almost to her silk-clad ankles, around which were tied the ribbons of the heelless, yellow satin slippers.

She put on her own evening cloak, stuck her head in at the living room door long enough to say, "I'm going over to Mr. Randolph's, Aunt Hester," and went out into the starlit street.

It was Isaiah who opened the door and took her cloak. The old negro beamed with admiration. "Massa Gabr'el in de lib'ry," he said. "Shall Ah 'nounce yo', Missy?"

Cynthia shook her head, and on tiptoe went through the drawing room to the room beyond. Mr. Gabriel was sitting in a high-backed armchair, reading a book. Glancing up, he saw the vision in the doorway, gave a little exclamation, and got to his feet.

"But, my dear!" he cried. And then, "It's Miss Sally herself! So she would have looked."

Cynthia made a deep curtsy, and Mr. Gabriel made a low bow; then, as she came toward him, he took her hand and gallantly touched her fingers with his lips. "I am honored, Miss Cynthia," he said. "I was wishing I might see you at the ball."

She held out her skirts, walked the length of the room while Mr. Gabriel, his head cocked to one side, surveyed her with delight. "Perfect—from the curls and wreath of roses to the slipper-tips!" he exclaimed. "You will have many beaux tomorrow night."

"Oh, I don't know about that," laughed Cynthia.

Mr. Gabriel nodded. "But I do. Beauty is always sought for." He was silent a moment, then became sprightly. "How shall I entertain so charming a guest? I can't invite you to

dance. Music, perhaps?" He glanced at the piano in the corner. "Will you play, or shall I?"

"Oh, you, please," she said, and seated herself on a sofa, where there was room for her wide flounced skirt.

He played something of Schubert, of Mozart, and then some airs she did not know. When at length he paused, Cynthia rose from the sofa.

"Give me your arm please, sir," she said. "That's what a lady of 'befo' de Wah' would say, isn't it?"

"With the greatest pleasure, ma'am," he beamed and crooked his arm for her hand.

"I've a surprise," she told him gaily as she led him through the drawing room to the hall, and across it to the dining room.

On the oval mahogany table, places were set for two, and in the center were a platter of ice cream and a plate of frosted cakes.

"My party, Mr. Gabriel," Cynthia twinkled.

"Oh, but, my dear young lady——"

"Would you deprive me of that pleasure?" she echoed his own words about the gown. "I arranged it with Mammy Jane, and she with Isaiah."

He seated her and they supped gaily. Then Cynthia slipped her arms into her cloak. "Thank you for a perfectly gorgeous evening, Mr. Gabriel."

He insisted on walking home with her. And before she went indoors she watched his slight, somewhat stooped figure until it disappeared. "Heigh ho!" she sighed. "If only wishes were horses!"

Through the network of moss on the live oaks, a star shone down on her, bringing to her lips the beloved wishing rhyme of childhood:

"Star light, star bright,
"Very first star I've seen to-night,
"I wish I may, I wish I might,
"Have the wish I wish to-night."

(Continued on page 49)



"I'M GOING TO KISS YOU, MR. GABRIEL. I SIMPLY MUST!"

The Fairy Cobbler

BY IVY O. EASTWICK

If you tread
Very softly, very gently,
If you listen
Most enraptured, most intently,
You may hear
In the distance a faint clamor—
Do not fear!
'Tis the leprechaun's wee hammer.

If you look
Through the shadow of the grasses,
If you peer
Where the sunlight stops, then passes,
There you'll see—
Twice as high as turkey's feather—
Standing there
Leprechaun with last and leather.

Hark to what
Little Leprechaun is saying:
"Soled and heeled . . .
"Half-a-geese-egg they'll be paying.
"Soled alone . . .
"That will cost them one geese-feather—
"And that's CHEAP!
"Barely pays me for my leather.

*Decoration by
Pelagie Doane*



"Here's the Queen
"Ordering a pair of laces,
"And the King
"Wanting green-stained, doeskin braces . . .
"Laces cost
"Half-a-pound of best bee-honey;
"Braces cost
"Half-a-bag of fairy money.
"Shan't take less—
"Never mind what they may offer!
"Pay me quick,
"Help fill up my fairy-coffer!"

If you listen
Most enraptured, most intently,
If you tread
Very softly, very gently,
You may hear
Little sounds—that's leather creaking,
Hammer falling,
And himself to himself speaking!

Then go home,
Telling no one that you met him;
Say no word,
Make your mind up to forget him!
That is wise—
Friends would laugh and chaff about you,
Call you daft,
And forever after doubt you.

Off to New York on a visit for the Christmas holidays, Alice Enright has a feast of music and an unpredictable adventure

BY the calendar's count, Christmas had been yesterday. But for Alice Enright and Clara Dean it began on the morning of December twenty-sixth. Their families and all the girls in their club, the Friday Afternoon Dozen, had come to the Eastpoint station to see them off on the ten o'clock New York express. Latest to arrive, Kathie Barnes, with Dick Harris as burden bearer, broke through the bevy of F. A. D.s, her greetings dramatically effusive.

"Darlings! It looks like a wedding party! Why didn't somebody bring the rice and confetti?" Unloading Dick, she showered them with magazines.

"Here, Albie! Do your stuff!"

Barbara Robbins unleashed her dog, Albion, a white bull terrier, the club's mascot. On a cord there hung from Albion's jaws a candy box, rosetted with mistletoe, which he surrendered at Barbara's command while he wiggled the length of his spine.

"Where's Monty?" Wylie Mac Dill asked Barbara.

Alice was wondering, too. Except for Monty Powell, all the boys who had friends among the F. A. D.s were on hand. But he would surely turn up before train time, to share clownishly in the farewells.

This trip to New York was Alice's Christmas gift from her aunt, Miss Julia Enright, who had an important job there, writing music criticisms for a big evening newspaper. Aunt Julia existed glamorously in her musical niece's dream-world. At the prospect which the visit promised, a whole week of concerts and operas, electric thrills tingled pinkly in Alice's piquant face, and her eyes were luminous as blue flames. Other exciting expectations glowed in Clara's calmer brown eyes. Her head of coppery hair, under a Tyrolean hat of hunters' green, overtopped by six inches the amber-colored Rembrandt beret clapped on Alice's blonde rippling bob. Snug in their fur coats, they stood on the station platform with their arms linked in a hook-up of mutual support against the overwhelming surprise send-off their friends had staged.

Two weeks ago, fate had turned a neat trick in their favor. On a slushy day they had met outside the High School entrance, each girl gloomy-faced and sunk in spirits down to her galoshes. Alice had asked first, with ready fellow-feeling, "What's the bad news with you?" At the forthcoming answer her mood rebounded like a ping-pong ball. Clara's best friend at camp last summer, a New York girl, had invited her for a holiday visit, but Clara's family thought her too inexperienced a traveler to make the twelve-hour trip alone.

"Doesn't that slay you?" she had appealed to Alice, scornfully.

Then with a lyric "Whoopie!" Alice had burst out, "Aunt Julia wants me for the same week! The parents say I can't go alone either. But if I chaperone you, and you chaperone me, isn't that O. K. by Emily Post?" In a quick huddle they had plotted a successful attack on family objections.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC GROUP SURROUNDED THE FAMOUS SINGER

BRUNNHILDE

This morning they felt poised tiptoe on the brink of adventure. An engine whistle blasted through the chatter, and the train came coasting in. Wylie and Dick hoisted up the bags. Into Alice's one accessible ear, rosy with the cold, Mr. Enright whispered some final strict instructions.

"Remember that New York isn't Eastpoint. No unchaperoned excursions for you, my dear, in subways or taxi cabs. Stick close to your Aunt Julia!"

"Like a stamp," she promised seriously.

With wild tootlings, Monty's car shot into the scene. Panting, he raced to the steps of the Pullman which Alice and Clara had already boarded. Short Monty's plump figure suggested a Christmas pudding; in the frosty air his breath escaped like steam from his mirthful face.

UNDER the wire by a neck!" he yelled. "Couldn't get the old nag started this morning! She had the croup!" From each hand he tossed aloft a florist's square box. "Gardenias for Miss Dean—violets for Miss Enright!"

Their train was on the move. Good-byes rang out. "Give my regards to Broadway!"—"See you in 1936!" To Alice's hearing, the last audible shout was Monty's personal farewell to her, "Think of me, girl friend, when you look at the Empire State Building!"

A blizzard which began in the Allegheny Mountains slowed up the journey, and it was nearly midnight when the train, festooned with icicles, discharged its New York passengers in the Pennsylvania Station.

"The information booth," Clara told their porter.

There her friend and some grown-up person would claim her, and the same rendezvous had been chosen for Alice and Miss Enright. The spacious station, vaulted like a cathedral, wasn't exactly a cozy place for finding people, Alice thought. She and her aunt hadn't seen each other for three years. Maybe Aunt Julia wouldn't recognize her. She did, though,



SHE GLANCED IN VAIN OVER MADAME PALMGREN'S CALLERS

AT HOME...

even before the strange girl hailed Clara. There were introductions all round, and then speedy leave-takings.

"I hope you won't miss your friend too much," Miss Enright said, after Clara had gone.

"Not when I'm with you!" Alice admired with a smile Miss Enright's slimness, her vivid eyes, the tricky set of her hat—the altogether brisk look of her. She wasn't quite sure about Aunt Julia's age but, she thought, I hope I'll be as keen myself at thirty-five.

When the red-capped porter had popped them and Alice's bags into a taxi, it bolted ahead at Miss Enright's order, "Wessex House." Driving along a wide street still uncleared of a heavy snowfall, Alice had no idea by what direction they were approaching Aunt Julia's apartment hotel. Blowing flakes blurred the street's dazzle of animated electric signs. Everyone had said that New York was a noisy place, but to-night it didn't seem so. Maybe the thick snow had padded its usual loudness. It looked like a city that might soon dissolve in a dream. The thrill of the lights and the taxi's darting progress caught Alice's breath, but at the same time she began to feel oddly shaky. It came over her suddenly that, much as she adored the idea of Aunt Julia, she hardly knew her.

"Aunt Julia, do we pass the Empire State Building?" Blinking, she peered primly out of the taxi window.

"No. We are going uptown now. This is Broadway. Do you want so much to see the tallest building in the world?" Aunt Julia seemed amused.

"Well—" she tried to sound casual—"I'd like to write to a friend of mine in Eastpoint about it."

She was afraid that her question had sounded pretty dumb. Really, she must act more sophisticated—like Kathie Barnes, for example, who could have taken her first view of Broadway without batting an eye.

"I hope this blizzard will let up. You and I have a lot on

You'll like this new F.A.D. story
by **JANET RAMSAY**
Illustrated by **RUTH KING**

hand." Aunt Julia used businesslike words, but her voice was friendly. "To-morrow evening we are going to the opera. It's *Valkyrie*. And Ingrid Palmgren is singing Brunhilde."

"Oh, Aunt Julia! *Valkyrie*—Madame Palmgren!"

Alice's formality melted. Her exclamations broke out like a brook escaping from a sheet of ice. *Valkyrie* was her favorite opera, brought to her ears once by a broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House; and Ingrid Palmgren, world-famous for her portrayal of Wagnerian rôles, was the artist Alice longed most to hear and to see as Brunhilde. Among the clippings in her opera scrapbook, brought along on the trip, she had a picture of the Scandinavian soprano, beautiful and majestic, an ideal warrior and daughter of Wotan, that legendary god whose dwelling, Valhalla, had overspread the clouds.

"Are you still thinking about the Empire State Building?" Aunt Julia asked.

"No, indeed!" Alice got the mischievous point of the question. "About Valhalla. The opera is tops with me!" Although, she reflected with misgiving,

it wouldn't be much to write home to Monty about.

Their taxi had stopped with a lurch.

"Here's Wessex House," said Aunt Julia.

AT breakfast Miss Enright said that Alice's sightseeing had better be done indoors to-day from the windows of the apartment which gave a view of the traffic lanes below jammed with motors—some of them spinning on useless wheels—and a chain of street cars dead on their tracks. Snow shovellers banked up hillocks which looked like a row of igloos. Beyond, Central Park stretched in undisturbed Arctic whiteness.

The morning passed quickly. Alice wrote letters while Aunt Julia's fingers tapped, *allegro*, on the typewriter.

"It's too bad that I have to cover a concert this afternoon." Miss Enright clipped out a last sheet of manuscript. "I'd take you with me, but you ought to rest up for *Valkyrie*. Are you sure you won't mind staying alone?"

On the contrary, Alice welcomed the idea. She wanted to steep herself in the opera's libretto and score which Aunt Julia had laid out for her use. Left to herself soon after lunch, she couldn't settle down at once. Aunt Julia had said she might browse around as much as she pleased in the pleasant, large studio. The photographs grouped on the wall, and others on the closed ebony lid of the piano, invited her. She had already recognized some famous faces among them. Aunt Julia wrote articles about these musicians, and the pictures had been sent in appreciation, most of them emblazoned by signatures.

"Good afternoon, you darling!" Alice greeted the Metropolitan's Spanish prima donna, winsome in Manon's clothes. "And how-do-you-do, Signor?" she hailed an Italian tenor whose fuzz of hair looked like a whitened dandelion-top, ready to blow away.

Taking up the libretto, she read to the end of the

English translation, with a glance in passing at the parallel text in German. She even tried a few phrases aloud, guessing her way through the thick-looking words. Now for the music! Her hands made shy contact with the keyboard, and Aunt Julia's piano answered with luscious sound. But the score of *Valkyrie*, opened, gave her a blow! How in the world, for instance, would you play that flying passage, or this chord hung with notes like black grapes on a stem? The best she could do was to pick out, one-handed, the opera's significant themes. "Motives," Aunt Julia called them.

Flicking the pages along, she came to Wotan's entrance, and her left growled in a bass octave. For Brunhilde, she shifted hands to play the exultant treble shout, *Ho-yo-to-bo! Ho-yo-to-bo!* Soon she had it all by heart. Why not put it into vocal sound? For that she needed breath. She stood up to draw her lungs full. Then she noticed, through the vista of the window, how late afternoon had colored the air. Over the snow-shrouded park, the daylight took on a faint amethyst haze, hung with lamps that glowed amber. From this point of magical vantage, home seemed very far away, her only tangible link with it Monty's gift of violets beginning to shrivel in their vase on the piano. Her imagination soared. Some day she might belong to this enchanted city! Other girls born in towns like Eastpoint had sung their way to the Metropolitan. Why shouldn't she? She let her voice go in a burst of hopeful ecstasy.

"Ho-yo-to-bo!
"Ho-yo-to-bo!"

MADAME PALMGREN'S FINGERS
RAN A SCALE UP THE KEYS AND
DOWN AGAIN WHILE ALICE WAS
MUTE WITH HORRIBLE SUSPENSE



Behind her back, the door had opened and closed so quietly that, unaware of an audience, she held a last vaulting tone until her breath ran out. It was a shock to turn around and meet Aunt Julia's eyes regarding her with a look under bent eyebrows. She tried to hide her embarrassment.

"Excuse the yodeling!" But she couldn't keep up the nonchalant pretense. "Oh, Aunt Julia, I do want to sing—more than anything in the world. I suppose you think I'm goofy—"

NOT exactly," Aunt Julia said in a dry voice. "But I do think that, as Brunhilde, you would be miscast." Her puzzled expression didn't wear off. "You'd better dress now, and then we'll order some dinner sent up. *Valkyrie* starts at eight o'clock. The snow is coming down again—hard. We ought to make an early start."

But their taxi, honking and jolting along, did not let them out at the Metropolitan's Broadway entrance until the swarm of dressy folks in the lobby was at its thickest. While Miss Enright handed a doorman the tickets, Alice dropped back the hood of her long velvet cape which shielded, in a brown husk, her grain-gold dress. A bandeau of yellow ribbon, with a small flying bow, held back the end curls of her hair. Her bronze sandals, going down the plushy aisle, felt as gifted with airy speed as Mercury's. She whiffed exotic scents that blended in the inner warmth of the house.

Aunt Julia's press seats, halfway back from the orchestra's sunken enclosure, gave Alice a sweeping view. Her eyes circled the Golden Horseshoe of boxes, sufficiently glamorous to her, although she noticed how time had dulled their gilded embossments. The chairs in them were still sparsely occupied because, as Aunt Julia explained, some of the grand people came late, unlike the humbler ticket

holders in the top gallery, curving dizzily under the ceiling which was centered by a gigantic sunburst.

The orchestra players were filing into their pit when Aunt Julia said, "I have two things to tell you. One isn't so nice. I'll begin with the other. After the performance, we are going back to Madame Palmgren's dressing room."

"Not to meet her?" Alice couldn't believe that such things happened.

"Why, of course, darling! That's the point. Madame Palmgren is as human as anybody—not a bit spoiled by her fame. Really, she is sort of motherly, in a young way. You'll see. I am writing an article about her for next week's Sunday paper, and I have arranged to talk with her about that for a few minutes tonight. She has heard that you are coming, too." Aunt Julia paused to smile at Alice's awed face. "I think we may even ask Madame Palmgren to autograph her picture for you."

"What picture?" Alice asked. "I haven't got it with me." Dismay addled her. She could only think of the Brunhilde in her scrapbook, which certainly Aunt Julia knew nothing about.

"We'll buy one for you. Back of the stage there is a room where photographs of all the singers are on sale. (Continued on page 40)

BEHIND THE SCENES IN HOLLYWOOD

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON *tells about a fascinating excursion "behind the scenes" during the filming of Ben Burman's recent novel, "Steamboat Round the Bend," the last picture made by Will Rogers*

THOUGH everybody knows the thrill of a good motion picture, just how a "talkie" gets onto the silver screen may be something of a mystery to us. So Ben Lucien Burman, who wrote the novel, *Steamboat Round the Bend*, on which was based the last picture made by Will Rogers, is going to take us on a tour over "the lot." He's going to turn the clock back to the spring of 1935, and let us have a glimpse of this particular film actually in the making, and of Will Rogers himself in the part of Doctor John.

First we drive to the outskirts of Hollywood. The car stops. We are facing a vast inclosure where a high brick wall, supplemented by the walls of buildings, says plainer than words, "Keep out." The solemn-eyed doorman throws us a suspicious look; then, recognizing Mr. Burman, nods, and we enter the Administration Building. We are in a sort of anteroom, rather like a long hall.

What a strange group of people is gathered there! A member of our party gasps, "Why, we've crashed a masquerade!" No wonder. Standing about are Indians in feather headdresses, cowboys with flapping fringes, a gypsy or two, an old woman with a shawl over her head. But the expression on their faces is too earnest for revelers. They are really applicants for jobs who feel that costumes may make their chances better.

We see, now, that all the gathering is not in fancy dress. There's a pretty girl over there in a smart street suit—and another, and still another, equally smart. Very lovely, that last one.

"But you can't tell about beauty," Mr. Burman remarks. "A charming face doesn't always register charm when photographed, while a plainer one may be ravishing on the screen. No one can predict. The best producer in the world has to rely on a screen test."

As he says this, a long, rangy mountaineer moves toward him with "Brother, kin you tell me how I kin git into the movies? Kin you tell me how I kin git me a screen test made?"

Mr. Burman answers in a kindly way, "No, brother, I'm afraid I can't. They say it's a mighty hard thing to get."

As a matter of fact, a screen test is an almost impossible thing for an unknown applicant to secure. It's expensive. The typical test results in a length of film that requires three to five minutes to run off. The would-be movie actor



BEN LUCIEN BURMAN, AUTHOR OF
"STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND"

or actress, in costume, is put through a scene from an actual script.

The people in this anteroom are waiting to see the casting director, or his assistant, or his assistant's assistant. About the best any of them can expect is to be taken on as an extra at, say, five dollars a day, when and if there is work. With great luck, two or three might attain the rank of extras who appear in full evening dress. These get as much as fifteen dollars a day. "You can always spot them," Mr. Burman says, "because, when standing round to be called on the set, they never sit down. The women are afraid of creasing their gowns, and the men of uncreasing their trousers."

We leave the Administration Building to walk about on the lot—the whole walled inclosure is "the lot," buildings and all. At once we get the illusion that we have stepped into a giant toy-land, covering many acres. We've not gone far before we find ourselves right in the middle of a village. "It's good old New England," somebody cries. "New England atmosphere is all over it. You can almost smell the baked beans."

"Yes," Mr. Burman laughs, "but if a Southern village were needed, you'd be surprised how quickly the atmosphere could be changed under the hands of Hollywood carpenters."

Not far away there is a canal with canal boats on it. And there's a section of an ocean liner—actual size. "And look at the real trains," someone shouts, "on real tracks!"

MR. Burman points out a tower in the distance. "That belongs to a medieval castle. Another company has put up a copy of the Empire State Building on its lot. Not in its full height, of course, but several stories of it."

We are hurrying down the road when a man in an official-looking cap blocks our way. "You can't go any further along here," he says. "They are making a picture. Please be as quiet as you can."

The man in the cap is establishing a "zone of silence." All cars and all pedestrians must detour. We hold a moment's consultation and decide to walk to what motion-picture people call a "sound stage."

When we get to it, it looks more like a high warehouse than anything else. An enormous one. Our idea is to dash through the entrance, but Mr. Burman cries, "Hold on! See that red light? That means they are taking pictures



AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE FILM WHEN STEAMBOATS RACE ABREAM ON THE RIVER

inside. We can't go in for a while."

Indeed there is another doorman to see that we don't. He isn't willing to commit himself, but hazards a guess. "I reckon it won't be long now," he drawls. He is right; it isn't. The red light goes out. A bell rings. The door opens, and we walk through.

To our eyes, accustomed to the brilliant California sunlight, the dimness inside makes the place a realm of mystery. It seems limitless! We are sure we've never been in an inclosure so large. We stare up. An enormous amount of paraphernalia, suspended there under the high, flat roof, looks positively menacing. It is, of course, mechanical equipment of all sorts.

Our eyes grow accustomed to the dimness. We see a swamp—a Southern swamp—with trees apparently growing in it. There is the effect of stagnant water here and there, of oozing soil and dripping leaves.

AND look! A steamboat. Not complete, but at least two-thirds of a steamboat. Further on we see a court room. Impossible to mistake it. There's a jail, too; a pilot house; a second pilot house; and, not far away, a fascinating wax-works show—its human figures life-size. And there's a whale in it. He must be at least twenty feet long. Mr. Burman murmurs that he would like to take the whale home with him. It would have to be a large home! But on this "stage," all these "props" still leave space to spare.

We are chattering to each other about all this make-believe. "Sh-s-sh!" says Mr. Burman. "We'll have to quiet down. They're going to shoot in a few minutes over there."

It's evident what he means by "over there," for in one section of the studio people are milling about. We approach them, stepping quietly, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. This is exciting, for we sense immediately that we are about to see what we had most hoped for—the filming of a scene from Mr. Burman's novel, *Steamboat Round the Bend*, with Will Rogers in the star part.

The "set" is the cabin of a Mississippi steamboat. Lights are streaming down on it—quantities of them. They stand at different heights. Some of them are small. These are for "spots." But a number have reflectors which must be at least four feet in diameter. They are so bright we can't even look at them. And we have to be careful not to stumble over their thick electric cords lying on the floor. Lights even shine down from above the set. These, naturally, will

be out of line of the cameras when the scene is photographed.

There are to be only three of the cast in this scene, and yet, amazingly, there must be at least forty or fifty people on the stage, all moving around, or busy with their instruments. One of the sound men is up on a high stool. He has a mechanical device before him like a fishing pole. The end of it is equipped with a microphone. He is adroitly manipulating it now, making sure it will be ready to follow the actors so that nothing spoken will escape it. There are men to manage the cameras; one camera for long shots, and also one for close-ups. The close-up camera will be working all the time, just in case close-ups should be required.

Oh, there's the wardrobe mistress! Mr. Burman points



TWO FRIENDLY RIVALS IN THE WHEELHOUSE OF CAPTAIN ELI'S BOAT: WILL ROGERS AND IRVIN COBB

her out. The players' clothes are her business. If anything goes wrong with them she will set it straight.

That busy youth is the property boy. Any odd job is up to him. The alive- and earnest-looking man is the director. The success of the picture largely depends on his work. Near him is his assistant.

When everything and everybody are in place, the assistant director says, "Quiet, please!" and blows a whistle. Sudden stillness follows. A moment or two later, he blows a second whistle. This means there must be *absolute* quiet. The first was just a warning.

The instant the second whistle shrills, the sound engineer says, "Speed!" It's a signal for the starting of the sound-recording apparatus. In this dead silence, the director paces up and down—thinking. Suddenly he says, "Roll 'em!" and the cameras start whirling—turned by electricity now, not by hand as they used to be.

The actors begin their work. At the moment, there's but one actor visible: Will Rogers as Doctor John, a steamboat captain. It is late at night. He is dozing in his rocking chair

BELOW: DOCTOR JOHN FLEETY BELLE (ANNE S. LEY) FACE DUKE (PLAYED BY JOHN MCGUIRE) ON THE SUPPER TABLE IN



WILL ROGERS AS DOCTOR JOHN

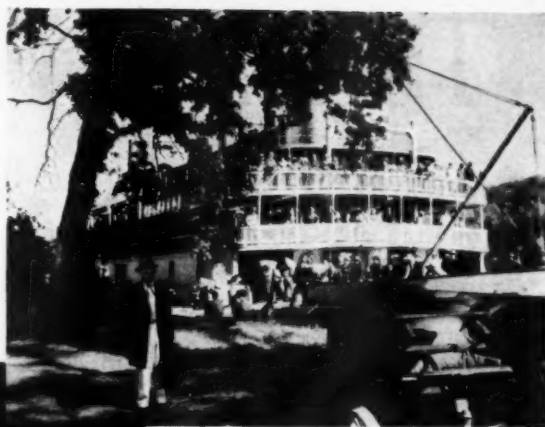
in the cabin of the boat. When he hears, as we do, the sound of feet outside, he wakes up with a jerk and cries, "That you, Duke?"

It is Duke, the nephew he's been waiting for, but not Duke alone; he brings a girl in with him, leading her by the hand. She pulls back, her face white and frightened, her blouse a man's shirt, her skirt a checked, fringed tablecloth.

Duke says, "This is Fleety Belle, Uncle John," and Doctor John asks quietly, "She's a swamp-girl, ain't she?"

But you get, in his tone, gentle and pitying as it is, the contempt of the river people for the swamp folk.

There is something in Duke's manner that leads Doctor John to ask, "You done somethin' bad, ain't you, Duke?"



A FINE SHOT OF A RIVER STEAMBOAT WITH WILL ROGERS IN THE FOREGROUND



WILL ROGERS, IN THE RÔLE OF DOCTOR JOHN, SITS READING IN HIS STEAMBOAT CABIN LATE AT NIGHT

The answer comes in a low voice. "Mighty bad, Uncle John."

What that "mighty bad" thing is we soon learn. Duke has thrown a stick of wood with too good an aim at a ruffian who had first threatened Fleety Belle, and then drawn a knife.

The rest of the little scene is a conflict between Fleety Belle, who wants Duke to run away, and Doctor John, who tells him to give himself up at once. "Ain't no jury goin' to blame you," he says, "for doin' a thing like that."

Doctor John wins out, he and Duke go off together; Fleety Belle is left alone weeping.

A whistle blows. The cameras stop. There has been no hitch. We have witnessed a successful "take." Actually, if we could have forgotten all the mechanics, the scene wouldn't have seemed unlike

part of a real play, with Will Rogers a master of depth and tenderness.

Bustle and commotion have begun again. Everybody is going outdoors. The next "take" is to be in the open, and a long way off on the lot. We follow, and an interesting scene it

The whistle blows, the cameras stop. Something has not gone to the director's liking. We don't see why, but the scene will have to be started again from the beginning. It is, but it strikes a snag, and once more begins afresh. Eventually they get it right. The director is pleased. But, after all that trouble, this particular scene will never be shown in a motion-picture house, though we don't know it at the moment. It will be a part of the film that is discarded. To leave it in would make the picture too long.

The amount of film made in some pictures, Mr. Burman tells us, is two or three times as great as that actually used.

Once more we move with the crowd. The "take" we see this time shows the jail. The sheriff is sitting in front with his daughter. The cameras are spinning. Doctor John is talking to the sheriff—but the scene has to be halted. Mad-deningly the whistle blows! We hear a humming from above. An airplane! The pilot is doing stunts. He keeps it up for half an hour. No sound-recording instrument would fail to pick up the noise he's making. Work stops. Actors relax. But at last the disturbing airplane flies away.

Everybody is alert again—on the job. The orders, "Speed!" and "Roll 'em!" snap out. Doctor John starts speaking to the sheriff and—the sun goes under a cloud!

The director, John Ford, is both patient and resourceful. He gives some instructions. The lights used in the indoor takes are brought out and set up. Apparently there are places to "plug in" everywhere. It is now as bright as the brightest day. The cameras start. Doctor John is speaking. But there goes the whistle! The sun has come out! Off go the lights.

After the next beginning the scene proceeds to a successful end.

The jail, from another angle, is to be the next shot. Will Rogers is tired so, while preliminaries are being settled and the positions of the actors decided (Continued on page 47)

JOHN
NNE S
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LE IN



JOHN IRVIN COBB AS CAPTAIN ELI

THE SAMPLER

By
CORNELIA
MEIGS



THEY WERE HELPING THEIR COMRADE
INTO AN ARMCHAIR AS THEY TALKED

IT WAS because the Lloyd's was a systematic household that Elizabeth sat down, every late afternoon at exactly the same hour, to sew on her sampler. Sewing was not easy for a vigorous girl who liked to be doing active things, but nobody, of course, ever thought of excusing Elizabeth from it, or dreamed of her growing up without having covered at least one square of linen with neat letters and figures. The sampler was supposed to give her practice in all the different stitches of embroidery and, below the alphabet and the figures up to ten, it boasted a small, carefully executed picture of a willow tree and a tombstone. It was to be finished with her name and the motto, "Waste Not, Want Not."

There was so much to do in that thick-walled stone house, looking from its low hill out upon the bay, that there was no time during the day when any older person could say with reason, "Elizabeth, you should be at your sewing." But when candlelight came, when the baking and sweeping, the dressing of chickens and the curing of hams, could not go forward so briskly in the dim light, then it was that her mother always

said, "Now, Elizabeth, you'd better work on your sampler."

She sat down to it this October evening, with a wild wind swinging about the house and making the waves crash upon the shore below the hill. Elizabeth was alone, except for deaf old Nora, the cook, for her father and mother had driven five miles to the nearest town for the weekly marketing. Now, in the little room above the kitchen, Nora had fallen asleep in her rocking chair. Not even the draughts that blew in around the deep framed windows, setting the candles aflicker, not even the slamming of the shutters could rouse her for she was a heavy sleeper. But, as Elizabeth paused to slip the end of a thread into the slim eye of her needle, there came a sound that, it seemed, would wake any sleeper on earth. "Boom!"

The great crash sounded from out on the water where, just at dusk, she had looked out to see the smooth expanse of the bay with not even a fishing boat in sight. "Boom!" This time all the windows in the house rattled and the glasses chattered on the dresser.



Illustrated

by

ELIZABETH CURTIS

Elizabeth jumped up and ran to the window. What could it be? This was a time of peace, this year of eighteen ten, thirty years since the guns of the Revolution had echoed along these shores. Could it be pirates? It was quite true that pirates had landed on this coast within the memory of people not very much older than herself.

SHE pressed her face against the pane, trying to peer out. How black it was outside! And yet there, beyond the point, was the ghostly form of a ship—dark against the duller darkness of the water. It was a bigger ship than those which usually came up the bay. She saw a flash of red flame as once again a cannon crashed and, against its light, she could make out—small, near the shore, and struggling on the top of a tossing wave—the dark shape of a rowboat with three men in it. Blackness shut down again and there was nothing to be seen. Then, in a lull of the blustering wind, came an amazing sound, a voice, little and distant, calling her own name. "Elizabeth! Elizabeth Lloyd!"

She rushed to the door, lifted the latch, and immediately

Elizabeth longed for the time when she could put away her sampler with other childish things. That time was to come sooner than she had expected

felt the wind snatch the door from her hand and swing it wide, letting in a driving splatter of rain. Old Nora had actually been awakened by the cannon shots which shook the house, and was thumping down the stairs. Elizabeth stood on the threshold, holding back the door so that all the light that was possible could come pouring out upon the darkness of the night.

Perhaps the men in the boat were needing a signal to guide them to the strip of beach just below the house. Her flash of light seemed to have shown them the direction for she was almost certain that she heard, in another lull, the grounding of the bow on the gravel. There was another crash of the ship's cannon, its report followed a moment later by the sound of splintering wood.

THERE were men's voices outside, and the shuffling of feet on the path. Somebody said, "They got our boat that time," and a deeper voice answered, "It's lucky we were no longer in it. Go easy, mate, he's too spent to move another step."

Three figures drew out of the darkness, two of them supporting a third. The little group came stumbling across the doorstep and stood, blinking, in the lighted kitchen.

"Cousin Nathaniel!" cried Elizabeth in amazement.

"We thought this was my uncle's house, and that you would hear our hail." Nathaniel Holmes was only a year or two older than herself, but he looked a man indeed with his tall figure, his white, tired face and his rough seaman's coat.

The broad-shouldered man beside Nathaniel addressed her in a big, friendly voice. "'Tis a shame to frighten you, young mistress, but men who are fleeing for their lives will take refuge anywhere."

"You did not frighten me," she answered stoutly. They were helping their comrade, a big man with grizzled hair, into the armchair. When he had dropped back on the cushions, her cousin Nat stooped, picked something off the floor and handed it to her.

"Your sampler, Elizabeth," he said with a broad smile.

She took it from him, unheeding. Her eyes questioned him, outstripping her tongue. "But—but, Cousin Nathaniel, what has happened? Why are you here?"

"Have you ever heard men speak of the pleasant custom of the British Navy, that of impressing seamen?"

She had indeed, and the blood of indignation colored her cheeks as she thought of it. All America was astir over this same matter which was to end by leading two friendly nations into war with each other. England had need of sailors and gunners for her warships and, since the life was hard, cruel, and dangerous, very few men would offer themselves for it. As a result, the officers were ordered by their Government to take men where they could—and take them they did! Not content with seizing upon citizens of their own country and dragging them away to toil on their ships, they had fallen into the way of stopping American vessels at sea, searching them, and declaring that certain able seamen were really British, and must be carried on board the English ship to serve in His Majesty's navy. It was of little use for the American captains to resist. The English man-of-war always had a row of cannon with which to enforce such demands. Many a good man had been rowed

away and taken on board a proud, tall-sailed English vessel, as he looked back to his own ship and to his comrades whom, perhaps, he was never to see again. But here, it seemed, were three, at least, who had dared refuse and had got thus far in a bold effort to escape.

YES," Nat went on, "they took all three of us, though Bos'un Leonard here," he waved his hand at the man in the armchair, "is old in the service of the sea, and though I am not a real seaman yet, for I sailed only six months ago. We swore to one another that we were not going to serve the King even though we went to the bottom instead."

He held out his hands to the blaze, saying no more, and it was the broad-shouldered man, Don Peters, who finished the account. He told how they had been carried away in a boat with four British sailors and a lieutenant, all armed with pistols and cutlasses. They made Peters pull an oar amidships, but, as the boat came near the towering side of the British vessel, Nat had leaped up and seized the officer around the middle, pinning his arms so that he could not draw his sword. The brief, desperate struggle had ended in the lieutenant's being flung overboard, while the two older Americans grappled each with the sailor nearest him.

"We swung them overboard like sacks of ballast," Peters related cheerfully. "They were taken that unawares, they had no time to fight. The last one jumped, to save us the trouble. We ducked away into the dusk while the ship was picking up the men. Before they could get her cannon trained on us, we were among the islands, but we didn't dare land on these swampy shores."

The war vessel had followed, most of the shots going wide in the dark. Higher and higher up the bay the three in the boat had come, the men fighting so desperately against wind and tide that the old sailor, Leonard, was fainting at the oars, and even the other two could scarcely struggle to lift and dip the heavy blades.

"Then we saw your light," Nat told her, smiling.

Old Nora had turned herself, without a word, to attending to the comfort of the guests. She brought a great bowl of stew and soup from the cupboard, poured it into the big iron kettle and hung the pot on the swinging crane. Nat helped her lift it, and she nodded thanks and greeting to him, but asked no questions. Nora had been deaf so long that she was used to the idea that people did not explain things to her. She trotted back and forth, casting curious looks at the weary and dripping men, but she stirred and seasoned the soup, cut bread from the long loaf, and said nothing. Elizabeth kept no such silence.

"What will you do next?" she asked, looking from one to the other. Nat shook his head. For a moment nothing was heard but the lash of the rain outside and the harsh voice of the wind. Then the tempest dropped an instant, and they heard a sound which no person who dwells by the sea can ever fail to recognize. It was the creak of oars in oarlocks. Even Bos'un Leonard heard it and raised his head.

"It's only a matter of minutes before they'll be here."

He spoke quickly. "They can't fail to search the only house that's in sight. You're to go on, you two. That's orders. I can't move, but you're to get away. I will stay here."

It is the habit of every sailor to obey the commands of his superior. Nat and Peters stood hesitating a minute. Then Nat turned suddenly to the door of the bedroom opening from the kitchen. "We'll carry him in there," he said.

"There's no time to get him upstairs." They lifted Leonard, bore him into the room and laid him on the bed. He did not speak again, or even open his eyes, but he made an impatient motion with his hand. They were to go.

"If we could get across the hill to the Mallorays' house," Nat said, "we could get Mallory's five sons to stand by us, that I know. We could make a dash back and get Leonard away safe, even if the British had already laid hands on him. But if harm should come to you, Elizabeth. . . ."

"No harm will come to us, two women who have done nothing to harm the British," Elizabeth answered boldly, more boldly than she felt. "We will delay them as long as we can." She put her mouth close to Nora's ear and shouted, "Hide the food—quick—and put away the dishes! You might leave the soup-kettle on the fire."

Nat hesitated a moment on the threshold. Peters said, as he strode through the door, "And if they do follow us, little mistress, would you contrive to flash a light at the window, maybe, if you could do it without danger? Then we would know where to make a stand." The door closed behind them.

Elizabeth stood listening. Presently she heard the heavy tramp of feet. There were voices, a thundering knock on the door, and a sharp command, "Open, in the King's name!"

SLOWLY she walked to the door, like one in a dream, and flung it wide. A tall officer wrapped in a dripping cape stalked into the kitchen, a file of men behind him, their shoes, their hair, their rough blue coats all streaming with the rain.

The officer—it might even have been that same lieutenant whom Nat had cast out of the boat—swung his rapid glance about the room. The big spotless kitchen was bright with the leaping fire and its reflection in (Continued on page 42)



"WE HAVE BETTER ROOMS ABOVE IF IT SHOULD PLEASE YOU TO LOOK," SHE MANAGED TO SAY

WHAT ABOUT TEACHING?

If you are considering teaching
by **MARY PERCIVAL**,
partment of Hunter College High

as a career, read this article
Head of the English De-
School in New York City

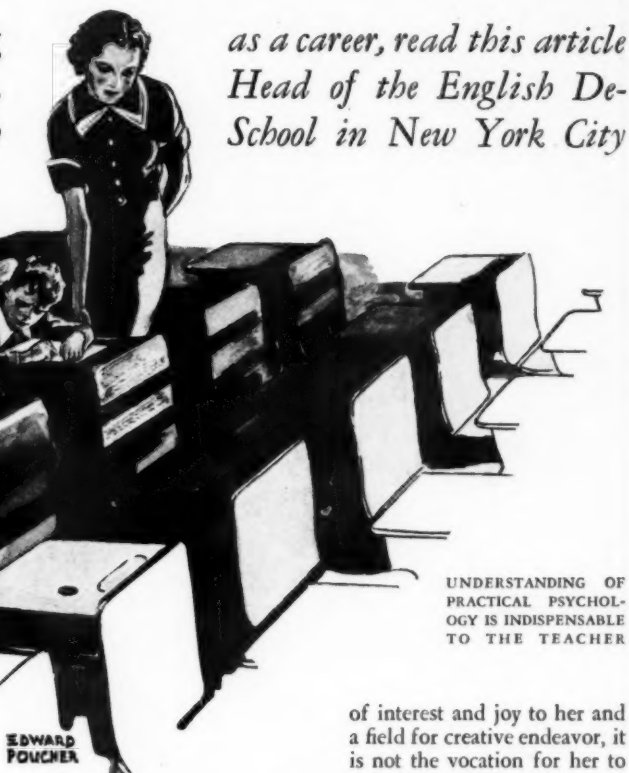
Illustrated
by **EDWARD
POUCHER**

FAMILY POST says that, in the rapidly occurring changes in American manners and customs, nothing is more striking than the increasing desire of all girls, regardless of their station in life, to have a vocation, to be self-dependent. We have, indeed, traveled a long way from the days in which the only genteel employment for women outside their own homes was that of the poverty-stricken governesses who figure so conspicuously in novels of the *Jane Eyre* type.

The development of the public school system, especially of the secondary or high school, long since provided a much more dignified and independent means of livelihood than that of the spinster who, regarded as little better than a servant, taught her often impudent charges the rudiments of French or Latin. But, as a matter of fact, until the early years of this century, teaching remained the most usual and most respectable way for a young woman of refinement to earn her living.

Because of this, it often happened that girls who had no aptitude or training for their work became teachers, much to the detriment of schools and of education in general. Even today the leisure and financial security which teaching seems to offer induce many young women rather thoughtlessly to select teaching for their vocation. Indeed, as I sit writing, on this lovely July day, looking out across the blue waters of Penobscot Bay, the fragrance of the firs about me and the waves lapping at my feet, I do not wonder that the long summer vacations and the apparent certainty of income seem reason sufficient to many a girl and her fond parents for her becoming a teacher.

Nevertheless, my purpose in writing this is to suggest that, however advantageous teaching may appear, or whatever opportunities it may seem to offer, it is not a profession to enter upon lightly. The happiness and efficiency of the professional or business woman depend very largely upon her finding her work congenial. Unless it is a constant source



UNDERSTANDING OF
PRACTICAL PSYCHOL-
OGY IS INDISPENSABLE
TO THE TEACHER

of interest and joy to her and a field for creative endeavor, it is not the vocation for her to pursue.

Perhaps I should first of all point out an illusion you may have about teaching. To many a fine and altruistic young woman, the service she hopes to render her community, or the ideals she wishes to implant in her pupils, may seem wholly adequate reasons for choosing this profession. Such service actually rendered, or such influence really exerted, is one of the great aims and rewards of teaching. But the mere desire to help form the characters of boys and girls, and to inculcate in them noble ambitions, is not enough. Relatively few teachers can hope to have much effect on the development of their pupils' minds or characters, and those who do are the rarely gifted and deeply interested ones.

ALSO, as every experienced teacher will tell you, there are many considerations you are likely to overlook. There is bound to be a great deal of monotony in teaching unless the teacher herself is so alert and resourceful that she can see something new and absorbing in every child and problem that confronts her. There is also the great disadvantage of dealing constantly with immature minds. That need not be atrophying to the mind of the teacher, but may easily be, unless she finds ways of counteracting it. Again, except in a few large cities and in certain much-sought-after positions, salaries are relatively small, and the teacher may often find herself cruelly limited in her scale of living and in the possibilities of study, travel, and other opportunities for personal development. Yet these disadvantages may be overcome by the teacher who is properly qualified both in personality and training.

What then are the characteristics a girl must possess which may justifiably lead her to believe she may become a successful teacher? Beatrice Pierce, in her article on *The Girl Who Likes Children*, published in the (Continued on page 32)

Announcing a New Feature
THE SPORTS of YESTERYEAR
by Orson Lowell

A SERIES of drawings by a celebrated illustrator, depicting the athletic adventures and achievements of girls in the days when your grandmothers and great-grandmothers were about your own age, or a bit older. They were enchanting, these girls of other years, and if We Moderns find their costumes amusing—and we do!—it's with a touch of wistful envy for their charm, as well. Beginning with this issue, we shall publish every month a drawing portraying a different sport.

Contrast the gym costume of the young lady at the right with the practical gym suit you yourself wear. Our grandmothers' fashion magazine, *Godey's Lady's Book*, in 1858 printed the following paragraph:

"As gymnastic exercises among the ladies have now become very popular, and as the advantages which result from them on the form, color, grace, ease, dignity, beauty, and health of the 'human form divine,' can only be thus developed, and as they are beginning to be more generally appreciated, and the institutions devoted to this subject more generally patronized, we were induced by the suggestion of Prof. Sedgwick, of the Metropolitan Academy, to procure and present to the numerous readers of the *Lady's Book* an illustration of the most appropriate costume."

And there it is, on the opposite page. Imagine how scandalized the demure subject of the picture would be at your sensible shorts, or middies and bloomers!



THE SPORTS of YESTERYEAR ~ I - GYMNASIUM - 1858
Drawn by Orson Lowell



A MODERN ALICE WITH HER WHITE RABBIT. HE'S A SNUGGLESOME LITTLE ARMFUL OF FUR, TOO, WITH PINK-LINED EARS, QUIVERING NOSE, AND SILVERY, ANIMATED WHISKERS

"He prayeth welw
"Both man and b



DID YOU EVER A M
ABLE BUNDL MALL
ABLENESS THAS CO
WITH HIS ROYALTY



Photograph by Ruth Nichols

THE PUSSY FAMILY AT MEALTIME. THE WHITE CAT SEEMS A TRIFLE SKEPTICAL ABOUT THE DESIRABILITY OF TASTING THE BIT OF CRACKER ONE GIRL SCOUT HOLDS IN HER HAND, BUT THE MALTESE LAPS MILK WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST HESITATION



A SMALL WILD PLY FR
WOODS WELCOME OWL
WHEN WEARY CHUSU

relwho loveth well andbird and beast"

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge



SAFE IN THE ARMS
OF THE ONE WHO
LOVES HIM MOST!
HE PROBABLY
WON'T BE QUIET
LONGER THAN THE
CLICK OF THE CAM-
ERA, HOWEVER;
THEN HE WILL BE
OFF FOR A ROMP

Photograph by D. D. Spellman



YOU EVEN MORE ADOR-
BUNDLES ALL-DOG LOV-
ESS THIS COCKER PUP
HIS ROTTLE TUMMY?



WILD PUP FROM THE DEEP
ELCOMINGFUL OF CORN
EARY UNUSUAL FISH DIET



Photograph by Avery Slack

WHEN A PUPPY NEEDS A FRIEND—AND FINDS ONE, TOO! LUCKY
FOR HIM HIS MISTRESS IS A GIRL SCOUT, FOR SHE KNOWS HOW
TO BANDAGE AN INJURED PAW. THERE'S ANXIOUS SOLICITUDE
IN HER GAZE, MATCHED ONLY BY THE DEEP DEVOTION IN HIS



HERE COME COOKIES! FIVE NEW YORK CITY GIRL SCOUTS USE ROLLER SKATES FOR THE SPEEDY DELIVERY OF GIRL SCOUT COOKIES IN A SUCCESSFUL LOCAL CAMPAIGN TO RAISE FUNDS

HAPPY



AN INTERESTING PROJECT FOR A GIRL SCOUT TROOP. A PATCHWORK QUILT REQUIRES TEAMWORK IN MAKING

WINTER HIKING IN MAINE

PORTLAND, MAINE: This is the story of a winter hike enjoyed by Troop Two of Portland, Maine. Rain, a few days before the hike was undertaken, thawed the snow, but the water had frozen again, and it was snowing lightly when we "took to the road with a song," with our packs strapped to our backs and warmly dressed. It was very slippery, but we walked carefully, and I think nobody fell more than three times! Each time, however, we laughed and scrambled to our feet again, none the worse for the tumble.

When we were about halfway to our destination, the snow stopped and the sun tried to shine through, though that didn't last long for the clouds were as determined to keep the sun away as we were determined to outwit the weather and have a good time.

On arriving at our destination we borrowed a sled, and set off for the coasting hill. It was a large hill, and we could slide down to the ice pond and almost all the way around it. We regretted that we had not taken our skates for the skating was grand, but we *had* taken skis and, after having our lunch, we had great fun skiing on the hill. It was difficult for us beginners, at first, to stand up, but after many spills in the snow, which kept us all in gales of laughter, we finally succeeded in skiing down the hill at a fine rate of speed. On trying the sled on this hill, we stopped so suddenly in the deep snow that we shot about three feet from the sled. Of course we were not hurt—who would be with a nice soft pile of snow to land in?

Then the question was asked "What shall we do next?" We decided to visit the spot where we had had a day camp last summer, and expect to have one this coming summer. It certainly was different from the way it looked in warm weather—all covered with snow so deep that we had to crawl on our knees in some places, and the river frozen. We visited all the well-known spots at camp, and finally decided that we liked it better in the summer.

It was then time to leave. We arrived home neither cold nor wet, but warm and happy after that glorious day in the open.

M. Jeannette Libbey, Troop 2

WINTER HIKING IN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: While King Winter ruled in the East, high school Girl Scouts of San Francisco held their second annual winter hiking trip.

On December eighteenth, an enthusiastic group under the leadership of our local director, left San Francisco for Mill Valley. From there we hiked two miles to the California Alpine Club lodge on Mount Tamalpais, where we were to stay. Our party, consisting of seventeen members representing six different high schools and seven troops, immediately organized into patrols. We were named

OUR STAR REPORTER

VIRGINIA NEWMAN of Troop 5, of Santa Barbara, California has the honor of being named Star Reporter for January. Virginia writes:

"On December twenty-eighth, 1934 the Girl Scouts of Santa Barbara held their annual Christmas party at the Girl Scout Little House. It was a luncheon party as each Scout brought her own nosebag lunch. After lunch we lined up by partners, and the girls in the front ranks each carried a different flag—some were early American naval flags, and flags of Western States. We marched around the yard making a large square formation. At the end of the march the flags were advanced to the front, and we pledged allegiance to our own American flag and said the Girl Scout promise.

"Breaking ranks we went into the Little House and were divided into eight groups—each group designated by a large crepe paper bow tacked to the wall. A song festival followed, with each group singing both a Christmas carol and a round. Turns for singing were indicated by the ringing of a bell—the number of rings corresponding with the group number; so it was exciting as we did not know just when our turn would come. We had judges to tell which group sang best. Group Three had first choice for the carol, while Group One had first choice for the round. After the song festival, Mrs. Hugh Dearing—a council member—told us Christmas stories which were most interesting.

"THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine is of great value to the Girl Scouts. Each group was given a copy of the magazine and allowed a certain length of time to prepare—with the help of a leader—a dramatization on some department of the magazine. It was great fun.

"The last thing on the program was the Christmas tree. It stood at one end of the room, and was beautifully decorated. Every Scout had brought to the party a "white elephant" gift. As we gathered around the tree, we heard bells and soon Santa Claus appeared. He distributed the gifts, some of which were comical and others nice. The party was over as the clock struck three-thirty. Everybody had a nice time."

Virginia Newman, Troop 5

NEW YEAR

to Girl Scouts Everywhere!

GIRL SCOUTS OF POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK PRESENT A DRAMATIZATION OF THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE FOR A GIRL SCOUT RALLY. THE HUGE REPRODUCTION OF THE MAGAZINE WAS PAINTED BY THE SENIOR SCOUTS



THE THRILLS OF A WINTER CAMPING TRIP AS EXPERIENCED BY TROOP TWENTY-FOUR, COLORADO SPRINGS



ABOVE: THE FINAL SCENE IN THE ENACTMENT OF "JULIETTE LOW AND HER GIRLS." AT LEFT: A SCENE FROM A POPULAR STORY IN THE JANUARY, 1935 AMERICAN GIRL:—"MOON COMING UP", BY KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

WINTER HIKING IN KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: The air was cold and crisp on that bright Saturday in December when five Girl Scouts, their leader, and a State forester started out for Camp Shantituck.

Arriving at Camp, we armed ourselves with saws, axes, and a first aid kit, and made ready to hike to the Pioneer Unit. It was pleasant as the wind was just cold enough to bite our noses and give us a feeling of pep.

Selecting a spot where the growth of the trees was the thickest, we proceeded to unload our packs. Then the forester showed us how to prune the trees. He taught us how to use the axes when pruning; never to strike downward, but always upward to prevent the slipping of the axe and the possibility of scarring the trees. This seemed to be an awkward position at first, but after cutting several limbs, we became accustomed to it, and began working with a little more speed.

We soon learned which trees needed trimming, and that the trees which were to come out were the "suppressed trees," so we proceeded with this work with a will. We learned many forestry terms, and we also learned the difference between a "wolf" tree, "dominate" tree, "co-dominate" tree, and a "suppressed" tree.

This work made us so hungry that we ate as much as a troop of real foresters could have eaten. Then we went back to work, not having quite as much vigor as before, but in high spirits and with a determination to finish the job.

We could hardly realize that time could pass so quickly. It seemed as though we had just arrived when they told us it was time to leave. We started back to the main camp, loaded down with pine boughs which we were taking home. We returned to the city, the happiest Scouts in Kentucky. We smiled to think how we would look at the Pioneer Unit on a hot summer day and dream about the time we worked so hard to keep warm.

Esther Egelhoff, Troop 6

had a costume party which was very gay and colorful. You may be sure we did not need to hear Bedtime Stories to get to sleep that night.

Wednesday, the last day, nine more girls from the city joined us for an outdoor barbecue. From our picnic spot, high up on the slope of the mountain, we had a magnificent view of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate. Stately Christmas trees surrounded us, and there were red berries and wild flowers in bloom.

The return trip on the ferry was uneventful, and the happy, hungry group reached home in time for dinner.

Mary Jane Norcross, Troop 40

WINTER HIKING IN NEW YORK

CAZENOVIA, NEW YORK: Our troop, the Cardinals, went on a hike last Saturday, the twenty-seventh of January, down the valley road that runs from our village, Cazenovia, to a town four miles away. The girls brought kabobs, rolls, fruit, and something to drink. Seventeen girls went on the hike. Each was to choose a buddy, but we went more often by fours than by twos.

We reached our destination about twelve o'clock. There wasn't much wind and every girl helped to start the fire, some collecting wood, others gathering leaves, still others laying the fire. We got green wood on which to put our kabobs while cooking them.

About one o'clock we started home. Each girl picked up her own things, and then helped put out the fire.

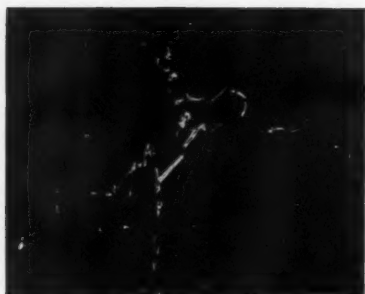
Marjorie Wood



ALONG THE TRAIL TO MOUNT TAMALPAIS

for winter constellations: Leo, Orion and Pleiades. A short trip into Muir Woods National Park, home of the giant redwoods, completed the afternoon. "Orion" played hostess for the evening, entertaining with a unique Christmas program.

The next day, under a brilliant California sun, we climbed to the top of Mount Tamalpais, a fourteen-mile hike. After lunch and a rest we returned to the lodge, sliding most of the way. That evening we



A GLASS TREE WITH TEAR-DROP FRUIT MADE FROM FRAGMENTS OF BROKEN GINGER ALE BOTTLES AND COLORED GLASS

GLASS blowing is, of course, an art which requires much time and study and special appliances—that is to say, the kind of glass blowing which produces beautiful vases and goblets, and elaborate pieces that are sold in the shops; but fortunately the elements of this delightful pastime are of the simplest nature, so simple that almost anyone—with a little patience and practice—may quickly learn to make interesting objects at home.

Not only is the work fascinating but, when the fun of making some original object is over, that little creation has at once the practical value of an unusual gift; and, in addition, its quaintness fires the imagination, and the impatient hands continue to create as a result.

No elaborate or expensive outfit is needed for the work. The hardware stores now carry small blow torches that work by alcohol, and they are perfectly safe. Small ones sell for a dollar-and-a-half. The larger ones are more efficient, but all of the objects described in this article were fashioned with one of the very small torches.

Besides this source of heat for the work, a flat tile or a clean brick is necessary; also two small forceps with blunt ends, and some glass.

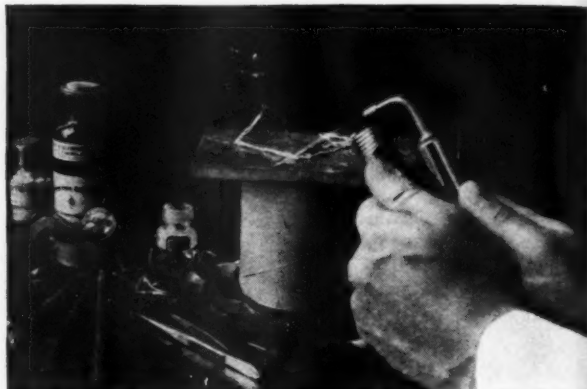
Glass tubing may be purchased from the scientific or biological supply houses in short lengths of small diameter. Some tubing one-eighth inch, one-quarter inch, and some a little larger in diameter will give the best results for the beginner. Our colored glass supply may be had for nothing, simply by taking a few small, sharp-edged fragments of broken bottles. Green glass from a ginger ale bottle, brown from a beer bottle, a beautiful blue from a bromo seltzer bottle, and other colors from whatever you may have at hand.

THE first thing to learn is how to pull glass. When you have the torch lighted according to the directions which come with it, you will see that the flame is long and pointed.

Place the torch in front of you with the tip of the flame away from your body. Now take a piece of glass tubing a foot in length, one end in each hand. Hold it so that the tip of the flame strikes the middle of the tubing and rotate it slowly until it becomes red and soft.

Now pull very gently until the tube begins to give, then remove it from the flame and pull harder and you will pull out a long glass tube of small diameter. Practice this over and over until you can pull any sort of a tube or thread you desire. You may

SOLDERING A SLIVER OF GLASS, BENT LIKE A SERPENT, TO THE GLASS STAND OF THE SPEARSMAN. THIS SHOWS THE SIMPLE USE OF THE TORCH FOR WELDING. NOTE THE BROKEN GLASS, TUBES, FORCEPS, AND OTHER SIMPLE EQUIPMENT. YET THE RESULTS ARE SURPRISINGLY EFFECTIVE



break these into short lengths to use later for legs and arms, or the parts of flowers, and many other things that will occur to you as you progress.

When your length of tubing has been pulled in two, or when the two ends are too short to hold without burning yourself, use the two forceps instead of your fingers. Heat two short ends of tubing red hot, then touch them together. You will notice that they solder themselves together at once. This is important to learn.

Next practice soldering. Place a bit of tubing upon the brick or tile. Take the torch in your right hand and a thin bit of pulled glass in the other. With the extreme tip of the flame heat the smallest spot possible until it softens. At the same time touch it with the pulled glass stick, hold it there just an instant so as not to melt it off, and remove the flame. Do this until you can solder on glass sticks wherever you wish, for this is how you put legs and arms and other appendages upon the objects you are making.

FROM the fragments of broken bottles make a supply of colored sticks of various sizes as follows. Take two pieces with long, sharp points. Hold the large ends in the two forceps. Place the points of the fragments in the tip of the flame and fuse them together.

Now continue to heat and pull, at the same time moving the fragments very slowly to the left as the glass pulls out into sticks. The softest and easiest glass to begin with is the blue material from a bromo seltzer bottle. When you have made some sticks, try turning the glass fragments as you pull out the melted glass. This gives you spiral sticks that are effective, especially when pulled from very highly colored glass.

And now for a little elementary blowing. Place the end of a length of tubing in the tip of the flame and rotate continually until the glass melts and the rotary motion causes the tube to seal itself. Continue to heat the end until it is very hot, then blow very gently through the open end as you continue to rotate the whole thing. If you are very

careful, you will produce a thin glass bulb, but this is difficult and requires much practice. If you blow too hard, the bulb blows out at one side. The trick will give you an idea of how difficult elaborate glass blowing really is.

But we are not concerned with difficult work; so let us begin, now that we have learned how to make our glass supply, by making the stork shown in the photograph at the bottom of the opposite page.

TAKE a stick or ribbon of bromo seltzer glass four or five inches in length. Place one end in the flame and rotate until it is very hot. As the glass melts, the rotary motion will cause a solid bulb to form. When this is as large as a pea, remove it from the flame. Place the blue glass ribbon and bulb upon the brick or tile. Now heat it cautiously about two-thirds of the way from the bulb, bending it as it heats (using the forceps) until it is at right angles to the bulb, or head, and the neck.

Repeat this at other places until the ribbon is bent about as shown in the illustration. Next solder on a sharp pointed bit of pulled glass for a beak. Solder on other bits of glass rod or ribbon for legs, bent in the same manner as already described. Last comes the base or standard, which is also made by bending a glass ribbon into a triangle upon the brick welding surface. Then, to a convenient point on this base, the straight leg of the stork is soldered by the cautious use of the tip of the blow torch flame.

It may sound difficult, but it is extremely simple. At first you may break a few things, but do not let this discourage you. When you have practiced and learned how, you will be surprised how simple it is and will be absolutely fascinated with this work.

Another easy way of bending the glass rods or ribbons is to heat them cautiously where the bends are to be made, meanwhile holding the cool end in the fingers. As the glass heats and melts, its own weight will produce any desired angle and the glass will solidify again the instant it is removed from the flame.

G FOR BEGINNERS

ES *All you need to know to start you off on a new hobby*



WITH THE FLAME OF THE ALCOHOL TORCH DIRECTED UPON TWO FRAGMENTS OF BROKEN GLASS, THE OPERATOR FUSES THEM TOGETHER. USING FORCEPS, HE GENTLY PULLS THEM IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS UNTIL THEY FORM SLENDER GLASS STICKS THAT CAN BE TWISTED INTO LOVELY SHAPES

The man with the spear, fashioned from blue glass, was made just as the stork was, by first making a bulb of solid glass for the head, then bending the ribbon slightly, making a second larger bulb for the body and finally soldering on legs and arms. The spear is a bit of the same glass pulled out about the diameter of a large needle and soldered to the arm.

Birds are somewhat more difficult to make, but here is the way to go about it.

Pull one of the largest diametered tubes apart in the center so that a tube no larger than a needle is left there. Melt this off wherever you wish as this is the bill of the bird.

A half inch or more back of the base of the bill, heat the tubing with a rotary motion until it softens, then with the fingers pull on the beak until a neck is drawn out which is slightly less in diameter than the head. Let this cool; then, two inches from the constriction of the neck, heat the tube

again until melted and draw off the remainder altogether, thus bringing the end of the body to a point.

Heat a tiny spot on each side of the head with the tip of the flame, and solder on an infinitesimal bit of blue glass from a needle-diametered stick. This will produce the eyes.

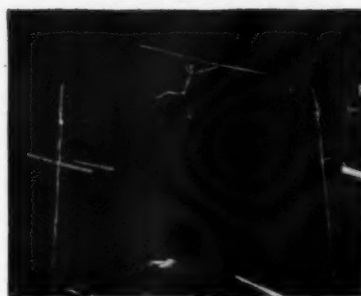
A standard may be produced by bending a whole length of glass tubing of medium diameter, first into a square or triangle upon the brick. The remaining end may be bent again into an upright leading up from the center of the triangle. To the top of this upright, the body of the bird is soldered by carefully directing the flame.

WHEN the worker has become more expert, wings and long tails may be soldered on also, the wings being first made from sticks of blue glass appropriately bent, but not shown in the photograph. The tails are made by soldering needle-diametered sticks to the end of the body, heating the points of fusion red-hot, and then quickly drawing the sticks away, which results in almost hair-like tails. When you become very expert, you may solder bits of flat blue glass, like eyes in the ends of peacock feathers, to the tips of these tails, but do not try to do this at first!

Little glass men are made from sticks of clear glass. The head is made by revolving the end of the stick in the flame until the bulb is formed. The body and one leg are formed from the same piece of glass, appropriately bent upon the brick. The other leg is then bent and soldered on, and the arms are put on in the same manner, bent first to any desired form.

The tight-rope walker was made in just this way, and one leg was then soldered to a long glass, wire-like thread as shown in the photograph.

Other glass sticks were then welded on the brick into tall scissor-like supports, and these were held upright with four books, while the tight wire bearing the man was soldered into the angles of the supports. Last, a needle-diametered balancing pole was soldered to the acrobat's arms and the re-



A TIGHT-ROPE WALKER ALL OF GLASS! THE PIECE MEASURES TWELVE INCHES IN LENGTH, WITH TIGHT-ROPE AND UPRIGHTS

sult, as you can see above, was very amusing.

The fruit tree, shown in the illustration at the top left hand corner of the opposite page, is simply a collection of colored glass sticks, bent in the flame into various curious shapes and soldered together to form branches. These are welded to a main trunk, pulled from a single fragment of a broken ginger ale bottle.

To make the fruit, bits of green or yellow glass are held and rotated in the flame until the bulbs so formed become so liquid that they drop. At this instant they are removed from the heat and, as they fall, they pull out their own stems which may then be soldered to the limbs of the tree where they will glisten like colored tear-drops.

You can do anything you like with glass sticks and glass tubing. The whole process is a question of practice, and there is practically no expense attached to the work, once the torch and some tubing are acquired. You may try other experiments, too. For instance, you may dip a small heated glass bulb into borax powder, then heat it red hot, dip it again into the powder and heat it once more, and continue in this manner, until you have increased the size of the bulb appreciably. The borax turns to a clear glass itself, which has the property of producing colors when mixed with certain chemicals.

IF you are in school where there is a laboratory, obtain from your teacher a little borax, some salts of cobalt, copper, iron, nickel, manganese, or chromium.

You will only need the tiniest bit of any one of these salts and a little borax powder. When you have coated the glass bulb with clear fused borax, heat it quite hot, then touch it to a tiny bit of any one of these salts and return it to the flame. Rotate it until the bulb is extremely hot, just as hot and liquid as possible without causing the bulb to drop off. Now remove it and allow the glass to cool and you will have colored the bulb by fusing the metallic salts with the borax. With the salts mentioned, you may produce amethyst, green, blue and yellow.

This article contains all the instructions you need to go right ahead as a beginner glass blower. If you follow directions carefully you will succeed at once, but do not forget to use your imagination as you proceed.

Half the fun in life is creating things out of your own brain and, once you master the making of glass sticks and ribbons and the simple art of soldering or fusing, there is no end to the delightful objects that you may fashion from glass.



A DAINTY STORK OF BLUE GLASS IN THE CENTER. A BIRD AT THE LEFT; AND AT THE RIGHT A DANCER WITH A SPEAR MADE FROM A FRAGMENT OF A BROMO SELTZER BOTTLE

WHAT about TEACHING? CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

August, 1933, issue of *The American Girl*, has mentioned many of them: a keen interest in life and a vital curiosity about it, a desire to know what is going on in the world and to experience, in reality or vicariously, as much of it as lies within her grasp. Good teachers, whether they deal with small children or with college students, are vital persons with active minds, and with an intense interest in living which they wish to share with others.

IN addition, the high school teacher, and to an even greater degree the college teacher, must be especially interested in the subject, or subjects, she teaches. Of course a background of culture and general scholarship is presupposed, but in her subject not only should she be widely read, but she should have experiential familiarity with it. Moreover, she should know much more about her subject than she can possibly use in the classroom. Effective teaching means having at one's command a wealth of material from which to choose what is best fitted to meet the particular need of the moment.

However, culture and scholarship, even profound scholarship, do not insure good teaching. Many fine scholars are very poor teachers, as most college students have reason to know. Real educators have the power to stimulate their pupils, to provoke discussion, to awake such curiosity and interest in the subject at hand that the classroom becomes a laboratory in which teacher and pupil cooperate in their search for knowledge and truth. The effective teacher is always, consciously or unconsciously, a practical psychologist. She knows how to get attention, how to sustain it, what boys and girls like and what they do not like, how to start, how to direct, and how to end a discussion. Some study of modern psychology may be helpful to a teacher; but long before the term, psychology, had come into general use, good teachers with native intuition were applying the principles only recently formulated in textbooks of psychology.

Associated with this quality is another that I believe the successful teacher of the future must have, executive ability and or-

ganizing power. With the growing insistence on the varying needs of the individual pupils, it is becoming necessary for the teacher to direct individual and group activities in large classes. To handle skillfully, without confusion and waste of time and energy, a class of thirty-five or forty in which boys and girls are working along different lines may well tax the ability of a captain of industry. The old-fashioned routines followed by the school mistress of the past are not in harmony with the aims and objectives of modern education. These require adaptability and ingenuity but, above all, a capacity to organize and direct. Indeed a new classroom technique is being evolved, and the successful teacher of tomorrow must meet its requirements.

I might add that the successful teacher should possess those qualities of mind and personality that enable her to get on, not only with her pupils but also with her associates. Her official superior will sometimes prove to be exacting and unreasonable. Tact and self-restraint will often be required of her as they are of people in any situation in life. Especially does she need flexibility of mind. One of the most significant questions I have ever received from a superintendent regarding a candidate for a teaching position was "Is she open to suggestion?" A willingness to learn characterizes all people who go far in any profession.

As for training, it is obvious that since so many college graduates are available, a girl stands little chance of getting an opportunity to teach in a school of any size or repute without a college degree. Many teachers in the large cities have not only a bachelor's degree from college but, as well, a master's degree in their particular field. Special courses in pedagogy are chiefly desirable because most of them include practice teaching under supervision and criticism in schools associated with the colleges



THE TEACHER NEEDS TO HAVE A KEEN INTEREST IN LIFE AND A VITAL CURIOSITY ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

value. It is, then, of importance that the girl who intends to become a teacher should acquire experience and proficiency in some field apart from her chosen subject, in music, art, dramatics, athletics, journalism, etc.

Of course it is equally true that the young woman who has had some special opportunity educationally will have an advantage over her competitors. The girl who can speak fluently more than one language, the girl who has traveled, the girl who has a rich cultural background should, other things being equal, take precedence over those who are less fortunate.

There are certain handicaps which may seriously interfere with, or prevent, a highly qualified and trained teacher from securing a position. In most communities a marked foreign accent, or a speech defect, will automatically debar a girl from teaching in a public school. This, naturally, would not be true of a teacher of French who has a French accent. In general, however, and I consider this often unfortunate, a lisp, or a foreign idiom, will prove a handicap too great for other advantages to counteract.

Outside of large cities with a cosmopolitan population, religious prejudices and traditions must be reckoned with. In most public high schools and particularly in private schools, only teachers of the religious convictions prevailing in the community are acceptable, though there are occasionally exceptions to this. It is also true, and rightly so, that Superintendents and Boards of Education prefer girls of vigorous health, pleasing appearance, dignified presence, and good taste. I have known too much lipstick and too brilliant nail polish to be determining factors in a girl's failure to get a position. Schools generally represent the conservative forces in society and, though perhaps this is sometimes carried too far, it is



SHE SHOULD ACQUIRE PROFICIENCY IN SOME FIELD OTHER THAN HER OWN SUBJECT

well for the young teacher to remember that violent extremes in style, as in ideas, may stand in her way.

Perhaps I have dwelt too much on the practical considerations that a girl must keep in mind in choosing teaching as her vocation. What I wish to emphasize primarily is that teaching is a fine art, to which those that follow it may give as whole-hearted interest and devotion as all true artists give to their calling. Teaching is a creative art, and the teacher experiences the satisfactions and the disappointments that are common to all those who pursue any art zealously.

No two teachers approach their work in the same way. What they achieve is the result of their personality, their experience, their vision, their technique. There is no formula for teaching. Time, place, and circumstance determine what it is effective to do. A teacher must depend ultimately on her own judgment, her own common sense.

TEACHING is truly an absorbing and exacting profession, but that does not mean that all a teacher's time and energy should be devoted to it. The teacher needs inspiration, diversion, relaxation; and the young woman who pursues her work too unrelentingly becomes stale, and lacking in power and enthusiasm. Unless she finds living an exciting and decidedly worth-while experience wholly aside from her work, she is not likely to be a vital and stimulating teacher. Balance and sanity are essential to her, and too great intensity and zeal defeat their own ends.

In conclusion I should say that the competition among teachers in secondary schools is so keen at the present time, that only those who are particularly well-qualified in personality and training stand a chance of securing desirable positions. Influence, as in all fields, sometimes enables a young teacher to get a start, but unless she has a genuine gift for teaching, or unusual qualifications, and is free from serious handicaps, she will find teaching disappointing both materially and spiritually.

A very famous teacher, George Herbert Palmer, husband of an equally distinguished teacher, Alice Freeman Palmer, has enumerated certain qualifications that a great teacher should possess. One, he says, is "an already accumulated wealth." A second is "an ability to invigorate life" for, he comments, "facts are pernicious when they do not quicken the mind that grasps them." The third is "a willingness to be forgotten."

You may be interested in pondering over these. They may help you to decide whether, in the multiplicity of vocations open to you today, you wish to become a teacher.



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The Sport Jacket, for example, is woolly and warm, with fine ribbing at the wrist and waist so the wind won't go whistling 'round your ribs. The zipper goes clear up to the chin, and comes apart at the bottom so there's no fussing in getting the jacket on and off. The close knit, all-wool yarn is water and wind resistant, and the dark green color is becoming to blondes, brunettes and red heads.

8-123 Sizes 10-16 \$5.50
8-124 Sizes 18, 38-44 6.50

A Beret to top off the jacket—and the sweater, too—may be deep green to match, or some gay contrasting color. Close fitting, in the Basque manner, it will stick by you in the stiffest breeze and on the wildest ski-run. Colors, red, green, brown, white and black.

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A Tailored Shirt of all-wool flannel, in a soft shade of apple green, will delight the heart of any sports-minded Girl Scout. The mannish collar, turned-back cuffs and pleated pocket are just

like those on big brother's shirts.

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A Slip-On Sweater over the tailored shirt and under the jacket will help you forget even the coldest temperature. The material is dark green brushed wool, and the V-shaped neck, snug-fitting cuffs and the bottom of the sweater are finished with fine ribbing.

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Breeches are such a joy on cross-country hikes, for skating, snowshoeing and all active outdoor sports. The slit pockets and side buttoning are for style, and the darts over the hips, for a tailored fit. Sizes 10-18, 38-40.

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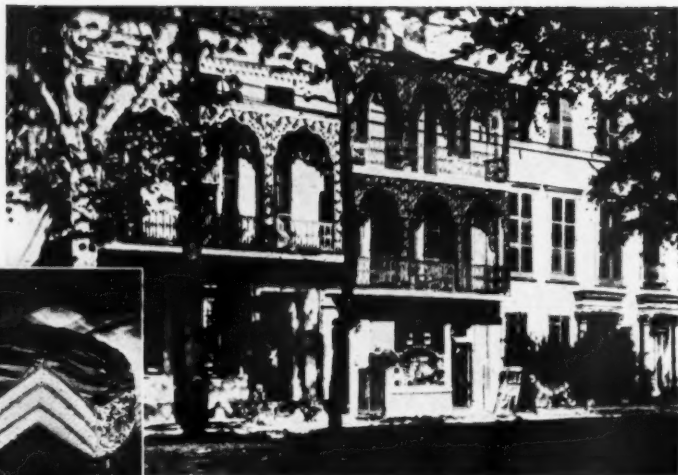
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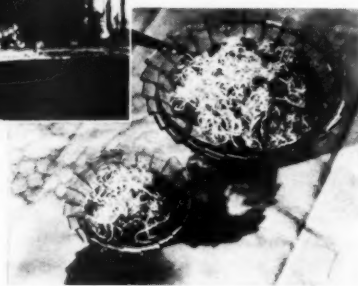
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FROM NEW ORLEANS KITCHENS

Glamorous Creole dishes from a city of the South

By JANE CARTER

PERHAPS some of you have heard the story of the man who had just returned from a motor trip that took him over most of the United States. He was being questioned about what he had seen and done on his journey. "Yes," he said, "the skyscrapers in New York were pretty big, and the Grand Canyon was great, and they raised fine corn in Iowa—but, oh, man, I ate in New Orleans!"

I think everyone who knows New Orleans cooking has this same feeling. And why not? There's no other corner of this great country of ours where the art of fine cooking has reached the same heights that it has in this romantic city of the South. Behind the glamorous Creole dishes are so much tradition, so much skill, and such keen appreciation of the subtleties of seasoning and delicate flavorings.

The early New Orleans settlers were from the nobility of France, and in their journeys to the New World they carried with them their most treasured recipes. Later, the Spanish came and added their zestful dishes. Characteristic hot breads from other sections of the South crept in, to bring additional variety; many strange herbs were brought in by the Indians; sea food was available in the rivers and bayous—and in the hands of the skillful "mammy" cooks of old New Orleans these were blended together to make up Creole cookery as it is today. No doubt the cooks added their own bit of magic, for there are tales of how these culinary artists would pass their hands over the oven, or the steaming pot, as they muttered mysterious incantations!

Among the recipes I have for you are several that came to me from some of these Creole cooks. There are the famous Oysters Rockefeller, so christened because they are "as rich as Rockefeller"—and were said to cause those who ate them to feel "as good as if they were really rich themselves."

The Shrimp Gumbo calls for *filé* powder which is one of the old Choctaw Indian herbs—powdered sassafras. You can probably get it in your drug store and it will add

the real Creole flavor to your Gumbo; but you'll like it without the *filé*, too. The Creole Chicken and the Spanish Omelet have the rich, spicy sauce that hints of their Spanish ancestry. The little rolled French Pancakes and Pecan Tarts are favorite desserts—and they say every tourist who visits New Orleans carries away with him one or more boxes of Pralines.

New Orleans cookery is truly an art, but if you will follow any of these recipes carefully, you can bring a touch of its magic to your own table.

Clam Bisque

- 1 cup soft shell clams
- 1 cup water
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 cups top milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper

Add clams to water and bring to a boil; drain, reserving liquor. Cut off firm parts of clams and chop fine; add to rest of clams. Melt butter in saucepan and stir in flour. Add clam liquor, milk, and seasonings, and cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add clams and heat thoroughly. Garnish each serving with dash of paprika or chopped parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

French Onion Soup

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 4 onions, sliced
- 6 cups soup stock, or 6 cups canned beef bouillon
- 6 tablespoons grated cheese
- 6 slices of toast

Brown onions in butter, add soup stock or bouillon, and cook until tender. Place slices of toast in individual soup plates, sprinkle with grated cheese, and pour hot

stock over them. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

Shrimp Gumbo

- 1 pound shrimps
- 3 pints soup stock
- 1 tablespoon bacon fat
- 2 medium-sized onions, or 1 bunch new onions
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme
- 1 pod red pepper
- 1 green pepper
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 cups chopped okra
- 1 cup tomatoes, peeled and chopped
- 1 tablespoon *filé* powder
- 1 cup chopped onion tops
- Salt

Put bacon fat in hot saucepan, and add to it the chopped onion and chopped okra, and fry until onions are light brown. Add chopped tomatoes and cook five minutes; then add stock, chopped red and green peppers, crumbled bay leaf, green onion tops, thyme, and salt to taste. Bring to a boil and drop in the shrimps, which have been well washed, shelled, and cut in two. Cook very slowly in covered pot for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, add *filé* powder, and serve with rice.

Creole Chicken

- 4-pound fowl, cut in pieces for serving
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other fat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced onions
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced mushrooms
- 4 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar

Sauté pieces of fowl in butter, season with salt and pepper, and place in large kettle. Sauté onions, celery, and mushrooms in drippings in pan. Add tomatoes and

bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add parsley and sugar and pour over chicken. Cook slowly, partially covered, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until tender, stirring occasionally. Serves 6.

Oysters Rockefeller

- 2 dozen large oysters
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
- 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion tops
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- Dash of cayenne
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound spinach, cooked and chopped
- 8 slices bacon, diced
- Bread crumbs, browned and buttered

Wash and clean oysters thoroughly, and place on shells in large baking pan. Mix parsley, onion tops, lemon juice, butter, salt, pepper, and cayenne. Cover oysters with this mixture; then add diced bacon and cover lightly with spinach. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in hot oven about five minutes, or until oysters begin to swell a little. Serve with very crusty bread. Serves 4. Grated cheese may be substituted for diced bacon, if desired.

Spanish Omelet

- 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine tapioca, salt, pepper, and milk, in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 3 to 5 minutes), and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add butter. Cool slightly while beating eggs. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold into egg whites. Turn into hot, buttered, 10-inch frying pan. Cook over low flame 3 minutes. Then bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes. Omelet is sufficiently cooked when a knife inserted comes out clean. Cut across at right angles to handle of pan, being careful not to cut all the way through. Fold carefully from handle to opposite side. Turn out on hot platter; place Spanish sauce between folded layers and around omelet. Serves 6.

Spanish Sauce

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Dash of cayenne
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced mushrooms
- 1 cup canned tomatoes, pulp and juice

Melt butter; add onion and cook until golden brown. Add remaining ingredients and cook over low flame 15 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Place vegetable mixture between folded layers and around omelet. Serve at once.

(Continued on page 37)



Girl Scouts
Ernestine (left)
and Catherine Moore,
Savannah, Ga.

GENTLEMEN:

Both of us have gotten our uniforms within the past few months ... Mother uses a quantity of Libby's Milk in our home -- 6 to 8 cans daily. If you came into our pantry you would think it was a Libby display store.

Anne, the youngest girl, will become a Scout within a month. That calls for another uniform. We will be ready with coupons, because we counted last night and lack only a few over a hundred.

Just wait and see what we order for coupons for Christmas presents. We are going to swamp you!

Ernestine and Catherine Moore

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You, too, can get a new uniform, Christmas gifts, lots of the little extras girls crave, without spending a dime! *And you don't have to sell a thing!* Just save labels from Libby's Evaporated Milk.

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So—get out your official Scout catalog now and select just the things you want. We'll tell you how few labels you need when you send us the coupon below. Then you can start saving in earnest.

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BUTTONS DOWN THE BACK ARE SMART

ENOUGH yarn for a sweater, enough fabric for a skirt, dyed to match and cellophane wrapped—what could be smarter or newer!

Now you can make one of those self-colored hand-knitted sweaters and wool skirts in the identical shade, without dashing around matching samples. Smart shops on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere are offering a skirt length of fabric (1¼ yards, 54 inches wide) and enough yarn for a sweater to match, at a price to appeal to the girl who wants to look as though she just stepped out of an exclusive sportswear shop, yet with small cost and a little home industry. No wonder our fashion model looks happy in her completed costume, in nomad green with brown wooden buttons.

In the skirt length, a choice of four lovely fabrics made by a well known manufacturer of fine woollens and worsteds is offered. For school and campus wear, I particularly like the pointed monotone tweed, a stunning hand-loomed type of fabric. To see it in its entire range of colors is sheer delight. There are those indescribable off-shades so wanted in sportswear, such as: admiralty blue, topaz yellow, Chili brown, Bordowine, hollyleaf green, and nomad green.

I can also recommend the popular flannel which is practical for all purposes, and comes in the above colors and such additional clear, pure tints as red raspberry, Tyrol violet, delphinium, and also in pastels for Southern wear and summer.

Your sweater may be knitted from half a dozen different types of yarn in the color chosen. Sport four-fold is suitable for general wear. Saxony or zephyr may be used if you plan to wear your sweater in the spring and summer.

There is something new about this yarn, too. It is "top dyed." This means that it

*for a matching sweater
and skirt that you can
easily make yourself*

By ANNA COYLE

Photographs by courtesy of Botany Worsted Mills

is dyed in such a way that you can get more yarn later, in the same shade. This will appeal to you if you decide, after you finish your slip-over sweater, to add a coat sweater to complete a set.

It is interesting to know that you can make one of the clever fabric hats of the season out of the small pieces of material left over from your skirt. Choose a simple skirt pattern, either gored or with kick pleats, and a becoming hat pattern to correspond with your left-over materials.

Here are the directions for the smart sweater shown in the photographs.

GREEN SWEATER—SIZE 14

- 6 skeins—(2 oz.) four-fold sport yarn
- 1 pair No. 4 bone knitting needles (standard American gauge)
- 1 steel crochet hook No. 2
- 8 buttons one inch in diameter (wood)
- 1 buckle to match
- 4 small buttons to match

Gauge: 7 stitches equal 1 inch; 9 rows equal 1 inch.

Stitch: Stockinette (knit one row, purl one row). Seed Stitch (knit one stitch, purl one stitch across one row; on second row, knit over purl stitch, purl over knit stitch; repeat throughout seed stitch).

Before starting work it is advisable to knit a small piece to compare with the gauge. If your work is too loose, use smaller needles; if too tight, use larger needles than specified.

Front: Cast on 100 stitches. Work in stockinette for ¾ inch, then decrease 1 stitch at each end. (To decrease a stitch, knit 2 together.) Always decrease the second and third stitches from the edge to make an even edge. Continue decreasing 1 stitch at each edge every ¾ inch until work measures 6 inches from bottom. (There should be 92 stitches.) Work evenly for 1 inch. Increase 1 stitch at each edge. (To increase, knit 1 stitch, but do not slip stitch off left needle, then knit another stitch through the back of the same stitch and slip off.) Work for 1 inch. Increase 1 stitch at each end in same manner.

Lower Pocket: On next knit row, knit 63 stitches, purl next 18 stitches. This is to form a ridge to help make the pocket lie flat. Knit back and forth on these 18 stitches in stockinette at this point until piece measures 5 inches. Then fold up this piece after next knit row and, joining work, knit across remaining 15 stitches of row. Next row: Purl across entire 96 stitches. Work for 1 inch, increase 1 stitch at each end; continue to increase 1 stitch at each and every inch until work measures 8 inches



HAT, SKIRT, AND SWEATER FORM A GOOD-LOOKING DAYTIME ENSEMBLE

from waist, or 14 inches from bottom edge. Bind off 6 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows to start shaping armhole. Decrease 1 stitch each end on knit row 6 times. You now have 82 stitches. On next knit row, start seed stitch as described above (knit one, purl one, across row). Work evenly (seed stitch) for 1 inch.

Left Upper Pocket: With right side of work facing you, work 11 stitches in seed stitch, purl 18 stitches; work pocket on these 18 stitches (stockinette) as before. On last row of pocket, with right side of work facing you, work these 18 stitches in seed stitch; joining work, continue seed stitch across the row. Work evenly until work measures 6 inches from underarm decrease (20 inches from bottom).

Neck: Work 34 stitches; bind off 14 stitches. Work on remaining 34 stitches for one shoulder, decreasing 1 stitch every other row at neck edge, until there are 28 stitches on needles. At outside edge, bind off 7 stitches at beginning of every other row until all are bound off. For other shoulder, tie in yarn at neck edge. Complete to correspond to first shoulder.

Back: Right section: Cast on 64 stitches. In stockinette, work underarm side the same as for the front, making the same decreases to shape waistline, and the same increases to shape underarm seam. The pointed yoke, done in seed stitch, is started at center edge in the following manner:

When work measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, on the next knit row, knit to within 12 stitches from end. Do seed stitch to end of row. Next row: Do seed stitch for 13 stitches; purl to end of row. Next row: Knit to within 14 stitches of end; do seed stitch to end. Next row: Do seed stitch for 15 stitches; purl to end of row. Continue this seed stitch slant until you are doing seed stitch across entire row. Work should measure 8 inches from waist or 14 inches from bottom. If work does not measure 14 inches, then continue seed stitch back and forth until you have the right measurement. Bind off 6 stitches at armhole edge; then decrease 1 stitch every other row six times at this edge. You now have 52 stitches. Work seed stitch for 6 inches; bind off 7 stitches at arm edge at beginning of every other row, and bind off remaining stitches for back of neck.

Left Section: Make same as right section, putting buttonholes at center edge, at intervals from bottom of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 4 inches, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches, $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches, $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches. (Note: It is important that third buttonhole be placed on same row as beginning of seed stitch slant.) For buttonholes: Work 5 stitches from edge, bind off 7 stitches; continue across. On next row, cast on 7 stitches over those bound off, continue to end of row.

Sleeves: Cast on 10 stitches, working in stockinette, increase 2 stitches at beginning and end of every knit row. (Increase by knitting the back of each of the two end stitches.) Increase until there are 80

stitches. Work plain for 16 inches from end of increase (or underarm seam). On next Knit Row: Decrease for cuff, by knitting 2 stitches together across. (40 stitches on needle.) Work seed stitch for 2 inches straight. Bind off; make second sleeve the same.

Collar: Cast on 100 stitches for neck edge. Work seed stitch for $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, then make a buttonhole the same as on left back section. Continue work for $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, then make second buttonhole exactly over first one. Work one inch more, then bind off.

Belt: Cast on 13 stitches. Work in seed stitch for $30\frac{1}{2}$ inches, then decrease 1 stitch at each end of every row until all are worked off.

Finishing: Sew all seams together, fitting sleeve into armhole. Also sew collar around neck edge so that opening comes at back with buttonholes over those of back section. Crochet around bottom edge and on both edges of back openings. Also crochet around bottom of cuff, and cuff opening. Then crochet 2 loops to be used for buttonholes on cuff opening. Back buttonhole and button edges with grosgrain ribbon. Cut buttonholes in ribbon, then work buttonholes in buttonhole stitch. Sew up sides of pockets. Press and block. Sew on buttons. Back belt with grosgrain and attach buckle. It is advisable to have a professional blocker do the blocking and pressing.

For further information write to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

NEW ORLEANS KITCHENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

French Pancakes

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon combination baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- Strawberry jam

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk; add gradually to flour, beating only until smooth. Add shortening. Fold in egg whites. Bake on hot, greased griddle. Spread with jam and roll. Makes six 7-inch pancakes.

Creole Ambrosia

- 2 cups orange sections, free from membrane
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
- 6 drops almond extract
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shredded coconut

Place oranges in serving dish. Combine sugar and water and heat until sugar is dissolved; pour over oranges. Add almond extract and stir well. Fold in coconut. Chill. Serves 6.

Mocha Creole Spice Cake

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake flour
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons combination baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon clove
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup molasses
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Then add molasses and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes, or until done. Spread Mocha Creole Frosting between layers, and on top and sides of cake; sprinkle chopped pecans on sides.

Mocha Creole Frosting

- $\frac{3}{5}$ cup butter
- 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted
- $\frac{1}{5}$ cup strong coffee (about)

Cream butter thor. (Continued on page 41)

A Grand Start for a Party!

AFTER you decide about the people and the time—THEN comes the "dolling up" part. Scrubbing the bathroom till it shines, doing up the linens, polishing the glassware. It's all so quick and easy with Fels-Naptha—the richer golden soap that's *clockfull of naptha*. Tell mother to use Fels-Naptha for whiter clothes, too—it gets rid of "tattle-tale gray."

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cherry tree down, before those moths have started laying eggs in more valuable fruit trees.

A wild plum tree may also prove a menace. If its leaves are turning yellow, the leaf-hopper, which dotes on the wild plum, may be spreading an epidemic deadly to peach trees.

A wild plum tree, it appears, should never be allowed to stand within a quarter of a mile of peach trees.

EAT OFTEN FOR ENERGY

"Eat sparingly, but often" is the gist of the advice given by Drs. H. W. Haggard and L. A. Greenberg of Yale University—and they've written a book, *Diet and Physical Efficiency*, to prove their point. After numerous experiments they've reached the conclusion that, frequently, when we think we're tired, we're really just hungry. The slogan, "Eat only when you're hungry," is worthless, the doctors insist, because a lot of the time, we don't realize how hungry we are.

In general, they say, the advice to give the stomach a rest by fasting is wrong, for there's no proof that an empty stomach is resting when one refrains from eating.

MAGIC MIRROR

Unless present plans miscarry, January, 1936, will bring an interesting event. In that month, the huge cake of glass for the two-hundred-inch reflecting telescope to be set up on Mount Palomar will be crated for its journey to California.

Mount Palomar is a summit about six thousand feet high, forty-five miles northeast of San Diego, California. But the "big eye," as the telescope-in-the-making is called, will not look into the skies until about 1940. It will take until then to grind and polish the twenty-ton glass, whose concave surface must be perfect. Quick grinding would generate distorting heat.

Once the grinding is over, a film of aluminum will be spread, evenly, over the hollowed-out surface. This film will transform the glass into a mirror which will enlarge, enormously, reflections of heavenly bodies, and focus their augmented images at a point far above, in a framework over the glass. At that spot will be the "observer's cell"—a small, inclosed platform



from which astronomers and their cameras will keep watch on the heavens.

The most powerful telescope in use, at present, is the one-hundred-inch reflector at Mount Wilson Observatory, in the same general region as Mount Palomar. But the future instrument, though only twice the diameter of the one at Mount Wilson, will let astronomers look into space about four times as far. It is expected to reveal hundreds of millions of stellar systems new to science, each system made up of suns like our own.

No wonder astronomers can hardly wait for the new "eye" to start looking!



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BRUNHILDE AT HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

I'll take you there in the first intermission. . . . Now brace yourself for the bad news. I can't hear the whole opera with you—worse luck for me! There's a symphony concert at Carnegie Hall which I must notice in my column to-morrow. So I'll have to slip out for an hour—"

"Don't go, please, until we get the picture," Alice urged in an undertone.

The lights had begun to dim. Gradual darkness enveloped the house. On the conductor's stand an angular, thin man raised his baton, like a magician's wand evoking a preface of orchestral harmony that suddenly seemed to break apart the curtains. At the end of the act, when they had closed again upon a stage world of springtime, Alice sat quivering with the joy of the music. She had forgotten the actual world outside the opera house, banked with snow and wind-blasted. But Aunt Julia was murmuring something about the weather and clogged traffic.

"I suppose I ought to make a dash for Carnegie Hall right now," Doubtfully, she appealed to Alice. "I'm afraid that I'll have to let you negotiate this picture business alone. But I'll show you how to get to the photograph room now. Here's your seat check. You can find your way back all right. Hustle, darling. You won't need your cape."

Alice's heart thumped. But if Aunt Julia really had to leave her, it might be rather a lark to choose, all by herself, a picture of Madame Palmgren whom she hadn't yet glimpsed on the stage. Brunhilde's entrance came in the next scene.

She hurried after Aunt Julia through an exit to the foyer, and around into a corridor where other people strolled at leisure. At a turn toward the stage, a guard stood at his post, stern toward inquisitive peepers, but he saluted Aunt Julia with a cordial, "Good evening, Miss Enright." Well, Alice thought, Aunt Julia certainly gets the breaks. The polite guard promised to show Alice on her way.

"You're not scared, are you, little one?" Miss Enright questioned her wide-eyed niece. "Nothing will bite you. Siegfried's dragon isn't in this opera! I'll be back in no time at all. You won't even miss me."

The attendant quickly put through his commission. "There's the place, Miss," he said, pointing to an open door, and went away.

No, Alice assured herself, she wasn't exactly scared. But her experience seemed as remarkable as that of the story-book Alice who had walked through a looking-glass. She, Alice Enright, had stepped behind the mirrorlike pageant of an opera. Through an opening, she saw stage hands on the move, shoving flat, rocky scenery into place. Nobody in the bustle of people paid the least attention to her. Feeling herself dwindle, she noticed distantly a man in costume who looked magnified to heroic proportions. That must be Wotan! At the fling of the door, the superb tenor in to-night's cast, Melchior, became visible for an instant, mountainous in figure, with the face of a gleeful, gigantic cherub.

Alice fairly shrank into the room pointed out by the guard. Empty! Though there were many photographs displayed, she saw no one to sell them. She emerged again, looking

about in a flurry. Then she observed vaguely a tall young man, in everyday clothes, coming her way. Maybe he had charge here. He didn't stop, but she thought he glanced at her with interest.

"Excuse me," She spoke up impulsively. "Do you sell Madame Palmgren's photographs?"

"Sell?" he repeated in evident surprise as he faced her. A smile that lit up his blue, steady eyes seemed to take ten years off his looks. "Oh, no, I do not sell them! But perhaps I can find the person who does. Pardon me a moment, please."

His English was bookishly correct, but the accent sounded "foreign" to Alice's ears. Straight and blond as a Norseman, a type for young Siegfried himself, he turned to go on his search. "Gosh," Alice thought, "I did make a goose of myself!" In spite of his grand manners, he was probably not much

COVER CONTEST NEWS

THE winning title for the November cover is "Hello, Autumn! Goodbye, Summer!" submitted by Anna Belle Covington, of Keyser, West Virginia. Anna Belle will receive a book as a prize. Other good titles were: "Ride 'im, Cowgirl!"; "Thoroughbreds"; "The Call of the Wild"; "Beauty and the Beast"; "Footloose and Fancy Free"; "Boots and Saddles"; "The Lone Rider"; "My Kingdom for a Horse"; "Autumn Salute"; and "Rarin' to Go."

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed by January fifteenth.

older than herself or Monty, and certainly too youthful to be a singer here. Who could he be? While she waited, her guesses ran wild. She put on all the dignity she could summon to greet his return.

"The man is nowhere about," he told her, with a formal, slight bow. "I wish I could help you. Perhaps my mother—Oh!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "That is the bell. The intermission is over."

"Then I must go," Alice put her words into effect. "But thank you so much for your trouble."

In semi-darkness, she settled into the seat beside Aunt Julia's empty chair. The curtains lifted. On the heights overlooking a stony ravine and Wotan's glowering presence, Brunhilde shone forth in armor, her corselet of silver, and her helmet tipped with pinions like a white eagle's wings.

"Ho-yo-to-ho!"

When the second act was over, Alice shared in the ovation for Madame Palmgren, and she sat unworried through the inter-

mission although Aunt Julia hadn't come back. The golden curtains rose again. Now, after the final act, they had fallen on a Brunhilde punished by sleep and bereft of her gorgeous trappings, but protected by a wall of Magic Fire.

"Palmgren! Palmgren!" The audience broke into shouts. Lights blazed up. The principal singers took their curtain calls until, at last, Ingrid Palmgren stood alone before the footlights, acknowledging the clamor.

Where was Aunt Julia? Alice came to herself with a start. What should she do? Go directly back to the hotel, alone? She couldn't stick to Aunt Julia, as her father had counseled, if Aunt Julia vanished! The emptying house began to look terrifyingly vast. For a moment, panic threatened her. Then she remembered the courteous guard. Her father had forbidden her to ride alone in taxis or the subway, but she could ask the guard about a street car which would take her to Wessex House. With a clutch at her cape, she made a flying start.

The attendant had left his post. No one stood there now to stop the chattering callers who were filing back stage. Another plausible thought flashed into Alice's mind. Aunt Julia might be somewhere in there. Maybe, delayed by traffic and arriving at the opera house just in the nick of time, she had hurried back stage at once to keep her important appointment with Madame Palmgren. A newspaper woman had to think first of her job. In such a dilemma as this, Alice told herself, Aunt Julia would expect her to use her wits. She joined the ranks of the people who moved along back of the stage. Some of them stopped at the dressing room doors to greet the artists hidden within, and congratulations in strange languages rang out while Alice pressed on, timid and tight-lipped, seeing no one she dared speak to.

She had come to the end of the passage. What sudden luck! There stood the tall youth who didn't sell pictures. He recognized her with a smile, and she felt less forlorn.

"Could you tell me where Madame Palmgren's dressing room is?" she asked, so choked by shyness that he had to incline his handsome head to catch what she said.

"It is here," he answered cautiously, nodding toward a door just beyond them.

"I'm looking for my aunt," Alice blurted out breathlessly, aware how absurd her statement sounded.

"Madame Palmgren has no niece!" he exclaimed with authority and widening eyes.

"But I do have an aunt," Alice persisted. "And she might be in there."

"Please come in, then."

He led her into the room. An enthusiastic group surrounded the singer. Ingrid Palmgren now appeared to Alice in that strange blend of personalities which the environment of a dressing room puts upon an artist. She seemed to exist in a borderland, neither quite her natural self, nor yet the resplendent heroine whose garments and hair she still wore, though Brunhilde's helmet lay on a chair.

"Do you see the lady you are looking for?" Alice's escort asked with concern.

"No, I don't." Her eyes glanced in vain over Madame Palmgren's callers, stunningly

gowned ladies and very mannerly gentlemen with shirt bosoms like toboggan slides.

"Then we must speak to my mother," he announced firmly.

Alice's head whirled, but her feet failed to move. The boy politely nudged her forward. With a touch on her elbow, he stopped her again, directly in front of Madame Palmgren.

"Mother, please!" He began to speak very fast. "I have found a young lady—"

"How very nice!" Ingrid Palmgren's eyes were blue, like pools of northern water. Her sudden amusement glinted them sunnily.

"I've lost my aunt," Alice murmured, quaking, since she must account for herself somehow. "Miss Julia Enright."

"Ah, so!" Madame Palmgren's hand closed over Alice's. "You are the little girl I have heard about. Wait here, my dear. Miss Enright will surely come."

At that moment Aunt Julia swooped into view, a prophecy fulfilled.

"Madame Palmgren—I am so sorry!" At the sight of Alice here, Miss Enright's anxious face went blank.

"Your niece is safe with us," Madame Palmgren's voice rolled out richly. "Now you must meet her rescuer—my son, Erick."

Properly introduced, too, Alice and Erick shook hands, and they stood aside while Miss Enright offered apologies and an explanation to Erick's mother. A subway train, which she had expected to be quicker than a storm-beaten taxi, had stalled between stations and held her prisoner for an hour.

"It is too late to discuss the interview to-night," Madame Palmgren said. "Our children should go to their beds. Myself—I begin to feel a little hungry here." She laid her hand on Brunhilde's silver corselet. "To-morrow we can speak better in my apartment—and I shall expect you to bring your charming niece. I know that my Erick would like to talk with her, too—perhaps about the opera."

At four o'clock the next afternoon, Erick Palmgren opened the door of their apartment, and acted as host to Miss Enright and Alice until his mother joined them in the music room.

"Ah, Miss Enright! I am so glad to see you. . . . And you, too, my dear. May I call you Miss Alice?" Ingrid Palmgren welcomed her guests with joyous simplicity.

Now Alice had met the great Brunhilde at home. To-day Madame Palmgren wore a knitted sports suit of a shade as brightly blue as the delphiniums on her piano. Her beautifully proportioned body moved lithely. She might have been Erick's older sister instead of his young mother. A luster glanced from her eyes and her fair hair, and a sense of warmth seemed to come into the room with her, as though sunlight had broken through.

"You and I will have the interview," she said to Miss Enright, "while the young people make themselves better acquainted."

THE group of four divided into pairs. In the corner of the room where the singer and Aunt Julia sat, a low-voiced dialogue hummed steadily, but Erick and Alice found their chance to get acquainted pretty stiff going at first.

"I do not know any American girls of my age," Erick began, ill at ease.

"Do you like New York?" Alice asked then, uncomfortable, too, when she realized that her opening question had sounded as though she were here to conduct a newspaper interview, like Aunt Julia.

"It is very exciting—such high buildings, like the one you call the Empire State," Erick answered, brightening.

"I haven't seen it yet," Alice remarked, with a passing thought for Monty. "I don't live here. My home is in Eastpoint."

"Eastpoint?" Erick looked at a loss. "But New York is east. More east would be the Atlantic Ocean."

"Oh!" Alice almost giggled. "The name does sound funny. But the United States is so wide that my town is east of a lot of other places."

"I shall look for it on the map," Erick promised earnestly.

Their conversation had begun to click. Alice felt. Geography would be the best line of talk to follow. She drew from Erick, whose sense of (Continued on page 42)

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Say you saw it in "The American Girl"

NEW ORLEANS KITCHENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

oughly, add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add vanilla, salt, and chocolate, and mix well. Add remaining sugar, alternately with coffee, until of right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers, or top and sides of 8 x 8 x 2-inch cake (generously), or about 3 dozen cup cakes.

Pecan Tarts

- 1/2 cup water
- 3 1/3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2/3 cup coarsely chopped pecan meats
- 8 unbaked 3 1/2-inch tart shells

Heat water in top of double boiler over

direct heat; add tapioca gradually and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Place immediately over rapidly boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add sugar and salt, and stir until dissolved; then add corn syrup, eggs, and butter, and stir until blended. Cool—mixture clears and thickens as it cools. Place about 1 tablespoon nuts in bottom of each unbaked tart shell; fill with tapioca mixture and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes, or until browned. Cool.

Pralines

- 1 pound brown sugar
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 cups shelled pecans
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix sugar, water, and butter, and cook until small amount of syrup becomes very brittle in cold water (290° F.). Cool slightly and add nuts. Drop by tablespoons in large patty forms or cup-cake pans.

BRUNHILDE AT HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

comradeship had been stirred by the fact that his visitor was an alien, too, an animated description of his native country. The winter life was gay for young people like themselves in his homeland, he told her. Here he would miss the crystal lakes where they skated, and the frozen slopes for skiing. Alice understood. They had skating and snowshoeing parties in Eastpoint, too. But she would gladly exchange all that for Erick's musical advantages.

"Don't you love the opera here?" she challenged him.

"Like nobody's business!" he declared heartily.

Alice blinked, and burst out laughing.

"You see," he said, with a chuckle, "I am learning to speak American slang!"

She tested him, slyly. "When I asked you last night if you sold Madame Palmgren's pictures, you must have thought I was cuckoo."

"Cuckoo?" Erick blinked this time. "Isn't that a bird?"

"It means crazy, too."

"But I would rather think of you as a bird—a singing bird. There is such a soprano bird in Wagner's opera, *Siegfried*."

"Are you going to sing in opera, like your mother?"

"I hope so."

"*Siegfried*?" Alice breathed, in an awed voice.

"Maybe my voice will not be good enough. If not, then I shall take up my father's work. He is—what would you call it?" Erick hunted a word in silence. "Oh, yes! He is a fisherman."

An incongruous picture popped into Alice's mind. She saw Erick in an oilskin slicker and hat, wading boots on his long legs, a fishing line in his hand.

"But I do not mean that he catches the fish himself!" Erick had noticed the astonished look on her face. "He owns a factory where they are put into little tin boxes. . . . Do you like fish?"

"Like nobody's business!" she assured him, for the fun of it.

"Then, if you will allow me, I will send you an example of our sardines."

While they were laughing over that, Miss Enright made a move to go. She had some writing to do for to-morrow's paper, she explained regretfully.

"Let your niece stay with us for another half hour," Madame Palmgren urged. "That would be so nice for my Erick." Her eyes gave him a merry look. "We two will see Miss Alice safely back to your hotel."

Erick went with Miss Enright to the door, and Madame Palmgren excused herself to Alice who soon heard clicks and clatters coming from outside the music room. Erick's voice and his mother's exchanged sentences in a language she couldn't understand.

THE gay party of three began when Erick entered with a laden tray. For Madame Palmgren there was only a cup of black, clear coffee, while Erick and Alice shared a silver pot of chocolate, each cupful topped by a froth of cream. Erick's mother cut a frosted cake into generous slices, declaring to Alice, "This I made for your surprise and Erick's."

"Madame Palmgren—you baked it yourself?" Alice's eyes widened. "Can you—I mean, do you *cook* things—a person like you?"

Both Palmgrens laughed.

"You must taste," Erick said proudly. "Her cakes are even better than my father's fish."

"And I dare not eat one crumb." The singer pursed her lips humorously. "Only this bitter drink for me. Fat Brunhildes are no longer fashionable. You two have no worries yet, with your slim figures. But wait until you are singers!"

Alice quailed. Had Aunt Julia given her away? She hadn't long to wonder. A few minutes later, Madame Palmgren went to the piano.

"Miss Enright has told me that you hope to sing. . . . Over here, my dear." Her hands began to play a pulsing accompaniment. "Do you know this?"

"The *Cradle Song* of Brahms," Alice answered, coming to stand beside the keyboard at Madame Palmgren's invitation, and struck by fright. It would seem so rude to fail.

Madame Palmgren smiled encouragement. "I know how it feels. So bouncing in the chest! Erick knows, too." She nodded toward the eager boy who was leaning across the end of the grand piano. "But for our pleasure you must try."

Alice kept to the pitch, although her breath hardly carried her through the song's short phrases. Disappointed by her performance, she expected to hear a crushing verdict. But Madame Palmgren made no comment. Her fingers ran a scale up the keys and down again, and she looked suddenly stern and professional as Alice braced herself for the new trial.

"No, no—relax! The voice must not shoot from your body! It should float."

That helped. Alice let her voice rise and fall without effort on the scales, each one climbing higher until, in the final test, she touched a tone like a clear far star.

"Have you heard, Erick?" his mother called out. "The F over High C!"

The great news broke. Madame Palmgren declared that Alice's voice was well worth training. Although still small, it had a true and shining *timbre*.

"Thank the heavens," she concluded almost piously, "you do not already scream!"

Alice almost broke under the weight of her emotion. But it was not until she was ready to go home and Erick had bundled her into her coat that she found words to express her gratitude.

"Thank you, dear Madame Palmgren, for everything—for the opera—for hearing my voice—and for the cake. After to-day, you'll never seem just Brunhilde to me."

"Indeed I hope not!" Laughing, Ingrid Palmgren embraced her. "But maybe some day I shall hear you sing the music of the wise Forest Bird to Siegfried—my Erick. Then this Brunhilde can sit at home and eat the cake!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

THE SAMPLER

the polished copper pots and pans. Its flickering light and the pale radiance of the candles almost—but not quite—failed to reveal the damp patches on the floor-boards left by the muddy boots and rain-soaked cloaks of Nathaniel and his comrades. Old Nora had hastily wiped the floor, but the wet spots remained.

"Dobbs," ordered the officer, "go out and see that sentries are posted around the house. Let no one pass. If there is anyone hiding on the premises, it will be impossible to get away while they are watching. We may as well enjoy a little warmth and food." He strode to the fire, lifted the lid of the kettle, and sniffed appreciatively. Then he turned to Elizabeth. "Well, young woman, let us see what your house affords."

Elizabeth swept her most formal curtsy, just as she had seen her mother do when guests arrived. "My parents are from home," she said, "but we will do our poor best to make you as comfortable as possible

and to provide you with a good meal."

It was a memorable feast, that which the old farm house offered to its guests that night. The whitest linen out of the chest in the parlor, the glass dishes and the blue plates that had come from England with Elizabeth's great grandmother, the polished pewter spoons—they were all brought forth. The choicest preserves, the last vegetables from the garden, the ham cured by a recipe a hundred years old, the savory stew from the bubbling kettle; they made a feast fit for King George himself, instead of one of his lesser and lazier officers. "Have you this?" the blue-uniformed man would ask now and again. "Do you not have that?"

"In a minute, sir, in just a minute," Elizabeth would answer. She loitered over the serving as long as she dared, she ducked curtsies when she received an order—anything to make the time drag out a little longer. Nora went back and forth, waiting on the men who sat humbly upon the set-

tles by the fire while their commander dined alone at the long table. It was fortunate that farm houses of that day had generous provisions in their wide store rooms. A large company it was, with even larger appetites.

The minutes went by, oh, so slowly. Nat and his comrade would be across the farm, she thought. They would be climbing the hill; once over the crest they would be within reach of the Mallorys' house.

"And now, mistress," ordered the British officer suddenly, "I have a mind to lay me down and take a little rest before I venture out in this storm again. Light me a candle. I will go into that room yonder and sleep a little."

"We have better rooms above," Elizabeth managed to say, hiding her terror. "If it would please you just to walk up the stairs."

"In an American farm house, the best bed is always in the spare chamber below," he

answered obstinately. "I have had shore quarters often enough to learn that."

Old Nora dropped a spoon with a great clatter. She took one hobbling step across the floor, flinging the door wide open. "Don't waste time," she cried in her quavering voice. "It was that way the seamen went! Can't you see the marks of their feet beyond the door-stones? You'd better be after them if you would have any hope of catching them."

The officer snatched up his cloak and gave a sharp order to his men. "Why didn't you tell me that before?" he roared at Nora.

"I'm deaf. How was I to know your errand? Nobody tells me anything."

He was over the threshold, but suddenly he swung around on the doorstep.

"Dobbs, stand here and do not let either of these women pass. Keep three men to guard the windows, so that they cannot make a signal. Do not follow us until we are well away."

Elizabeth stood for an instant, trembling, wondering what she should do next. Then she seized a lantern from its hook in the wall, lighted it at the fire and sped up the stairs, wrapping her skirt around the lantern as she went, to hide its light. The door was guarded below, and the windows, but they would not be watching that little round opening in the gable, hardly a real window, which was just above the roof of the kitchen. She was beside it now, and she climbed out through the space which was little bigger than the porthole of a ship. The shingles on the roof below were wet and slippery, but she knew how to run across them, knew that she must keep running or she would fall. She ended with a bump against the upright mass of the stone chimney. Steadying herself with one arm against the warm, rough stones, she made her way around it and was on the peak of the kitchen roof, facing the distant hill. Fearlessly she swung her lantern—once, again and again!

A deep voice below shouted to her to stop; she did not heed and suddenly a humming bullet went past her and snickered against the chimney. The crash of the big blunderbuss would give warning even if the swinging light were not enough. Nat and his companion would know that the British were coming behind them. The lantern fell from her hand and shattered on the stones below.

IT had taken but a few seconds to run across the roof, but now it was slow minutes before she could crawl back in the wind and wet. Once inside and downstairs, she stood close to Nora by the fire. Her knees felt suddenly like water.

"Nora," she said, close to the old woman's ear, "why did you tell them where Nat had gone?"

"It was better to give the old one a chance—even at the cost of a bit of danger to the young ones," returned Nora. "You told me nothing, but it did not take me long to guess what was afoot. I saw the Revolution, I've seen hunted men before, hiding from their enemies. Sakes, but we have a power of dishes to wash up! Men do be great ones for messing up a kitchen."

Elizabeth was not of much help in setting the place to rights. Again and again she stood at the back door, straining her ears to hear any sound that the wind might carry. Was that a distant shout, and another? What was that?—voices far off! Now they were nearer; they were coming

this way. Had they taken Nat? Would they lay hands on poor Bos'un Leonard?

There was shouting and stumbling before the door, it swung back and in dashed a dripping figure that could be only one person, Nathaniel. He threw down his weapon upon the table where stood the dishes which had graced the lieutenant's dinner.

"'Tis the wrong men who have feasted in this house tonight," he cried. "May the Mallory boys come in, Cousin?"

THERE was enough left, for the farm house could feed one company and still have ample cheer remaining for another. Nora, smiling broadly, plied them with food; the fire leaped on the hearth, and everyone together tried to give an account of what had happened. Nat and Peters were just coming over the hill with the Mallorys behind them when they saw Elizabeth's signal, and found a favorable place to make a stand.

"They could not guess our numbers in the dark, and they decided, after the first clash, to beat a retreat to their boat," Nat said. "They will have a pretty row out to their ship, for she has had to stand off shore in this wind. Here's a pleasant journey to them! May they profit by the lesson they have learned about laying hands on American seamen!"

"The whole nation may learn an even better one some day," Don Peters observed darkly, but most of his remark was lost in the hollow of the great cider mug he had raised to his lips.

It was plain, when they went in to look at Bos'un Leonard, that he must stay where he was for many days. Perhaps, indeed, he would never be able to go to sea again. But the other two must go to join their ship. "Our skipper will be short-handed," Nathaniel said. "We can meet him at Norfolk where he was to put in." The night's adventures seemed to mean little to these men whose days and hours were spent amid the dangers of the sea. "We can spend no more time, except to offer you our thanks, Cousin Elizabeth Lloyd."

Elizabeth felt very proud, like a great lady instead of a girl only fifteen years old, as Don Peters made her a stiff sailor's bow, and the Mallory boys grinned their approval. As for Nat, he had learned more courtly manners at home, and he kissed her hand in farewell.

Two hours later, Elizabeth's father and mother came home. Their daughter was quietly stitching away at her sampler. If Nathaniel and his comrades could take the adventures of the night so easily, why, she could, also. She looked up as her parents came in.

"There is a guest in the spare chamber," she observed calmly. "And there have been others here to supper. See, Mother, I have finished my willow tree. Instead of the motto on the bottom, I am going to embroider 'Liberty Forever,' and then I hope I shall never have to sew another sampler. Now that I am fifteen, I have other things to do besides stitching pictures of tombstones."

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NO MATTER what your favorite animal may be, it is safe to say that you can find a story about him among the fascinating new books. Dogs and cats and ponies, elephants, a most amusing moose, bears—yes, they are all here! Which shall I mention first? Perhaps ponies, for then I shall not be taking sides in the dog-cat controversy. (I shall not tell you whether my favorite is a dog or a cat!)

Ponies

It is always interesting to read of the important part ponies and horses have played in the history of our own country. And of all these stirring tales, none are more dramatic than those of the famous Pony Express from St. Joe to Sacramento. Very valiantly did riders and horses carry the mail—through storms and showers of Indian arrows. The *Pony Express Goes Through* by Howard R. Driggs (Stokes) is an unusual book, for the author collected many of these stories from the old riders themselves.

To me, one of the most understanding pony stories ever written is *Boy On Horseback* by Lincoln Steffens (Harcourt, Brace). Very beautifully has Mr. Steffens told of the pony given him one Christmas when he was a boy. The adventures he and his adored pet had together are picturesque, for they lived in California of the 1870's, when cowboys and ranchers and racing men were waiting to be their friends.

May Fly by Eleanor Helme (Scribner's) is full of pictures by one of my favorite pony-artists, Lionel Edwards. You will enjoy them as well as the story, which is about a likeable English family who move to Exmoor to start a riding school. That, in itself, is a momentous event to Tony and Diana, the brother and sister of the family. And, of course, May Fly, Tony's pony, goes along. There are glorious rides across the moor, horse shows, and plenty of other happenings.

The true story of two fine horses, and the account of their momentous trip from Argentina to our own capital at Washington, a distance of some ten thousand miles, is told in *Tale of Two Horses* by A. F. Tschiffely (Simon and Schuster). The adventures of the journey are described by Mancha and Gato, the horses themselves; and vividly woven into the story are interesting facts concerning the South American countries through which the trio passed.

Some Fine Dogs

Many of you have already enjoyed Jack O'Brien's dramatic dog story, *Silver Chief* (Winston), so you will be glad to know

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, The Junior Literary Guild

that he has written another, *Valiant: Dog of the Timberline* (Winston). Mr. O'Brien has a fine understanding of dogs—he was in charge of the dog-teams of Commander Byrd's first Antarctic Expedition. Valiant is a sheep dog, trained from puppyhood by Trent, his master. The loyalty and courage and real wisdom that develop in the puppy are to stand him and his master in good stead when, later, they move to Montana, there to be faced with the cattlemen's enmity for sheep herders. This is a story filled with action and bravery, both of men and dogs.

Franz: A Dog of the Police by Major S. P. Meek (Penn) is another story which introduces you to a lovable and courageous dog in his puppyhood. This story, also, is written by an author whose understanding of dogs is intimate and deep. Franz was the sick puppy of a litter of Dobermann Pinschers. Even Sergeant Buddy Rogers scarcely knew why he chose Franz from the litter. But choose him he did, carefully watching over him—a care more than repaid, for, in the end, Franz actually becomes a member of the police force in Hawaii. His police adventures are nothing if not exciting!

Younger girls could not find a more appealing dog story than *Sandy's Kingdom* by Mary Gould Davis (Harcourt, Brace). Sandy is a shepherd dog who lives on a Maine farm where there are other dogs, too. His special work is to act as guardian to the mysterious enclosure where the silver foxes live. Here Sandy shows his wisdom in many ways and, when the barn catches fire, his real courage comes to the fore.

Some Equally Fine Cats

One of the loveliest cat books in many a day is *Five Cats From Siam* (McBride), with its beautiful photographs of a Siamese cat family—father, mother and three small kittens—taken by Thurman Rotan. May Lamberton Becker wrote the charming day-to-day story that goes with these unusual pictures—an especially happy choice of author, for Mrs. Becker, like Mr. Rotan, has had her own Siamese cat family in her New York apartment. Any cat lover will enjoy owning *Five Cats From Siam*.

Two entertaining cat stories for younger

girls are *Peetie: The Story of a Real Cat* by Inis Weed Jones (McBride), and *Luck of the "Roll and Go"* by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll (Macmillan).

Peetie is an apartment cat who creates plenty of excitement for himself and any amount of anxiety for his adoring mistress. But Peetie can be a hero, too, which he proves when he wins a life-saving medal. Yes, he actually did, in real life, for this is a true story.

Luck of the "Roll and Go" isn't a true story, but Luck's adventures are so vivid you feel that it might well have been true. Luck, a cat of a seafaring family, manages to stow away on a ship headed for the South Pole. He is forthwith welcomed more cordially than are most stowaways, for he is made mascot of the expedition. From that time on, he lives up to his name, even flying in an airplane over the South Pole. Ruth and Latrobe Carroll are well known to all AMERICAN GIRL readers, so this story seems especially our own.

Dinosaurs, Elephants, and Others

Dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals have always fascinated me. I have often closed my eyes, trying to imagine what the earth must have been like when they were roaming about. But until I read *The Book of Prehistoric Animals* by Raymond Ditmars and Helene Carter (Lippincott) and looked at Miss Carter's colorful maps, I had never clearly understood the changes that took place through the ages in the size and the queer shapes of these giant beasts. Here they are, the curious animals of two hundred million years ago! And one hundred and eighty million years ago, down to the comparatively recent time of one million years ago! This is a book to pore over, as well as to read.

Elephants by W. W. Robinson (Harpers) is another book full of intriguing facts about giant beasts of our own day. Giants to us, that is. This book, too, starts with animal ancestors—those of the elephant, thousands of years ago—and traces the story through the ages with interesting accounts of elephants today. Irene Robinson's pictures are unusually fine.

For younger girls, a delightful and excellently illustrated and printed book is *Flat Tail* by Alice Gall and Fleming Crew (Oxford University Press). *Flat Tail* is the story of a beaver during the second and most interesting year of his life. He and his family leave their old home after a forest fire, and follow along rivers and streams until they find a good location for a new dam and a new beaver colony. The

story takes Flat Tail through all the exciting days of building until at last he goes out to make still another home, this time for himself and his mate.

Animals for Story-Telling Hour

Two books of animal stories especially good for Girl Scout story-telling hour are *The Happy Animals of Ata-Ga-Hi* by Bessie Rowland James (Bobbs Merrill), and *Tales from Uncle Remus* by Joel Chandler Harris (Houghton Mifflin). Ata-ga-hi is the place where, according to Indian legend, contented animals live, and these stories are most amusing and lively. The Uncle Remus books bring us the old favorites, Br'er Fox, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Wolf and the others in twelve humorous stories, delightfully illustrated by Milo Winter.

For Younger Readers

So many beautiful animal books have been published recently for younger readers that no page about animals could be complete without them. *Who Goes There?* by Dorothy P. Lathrop (Macmillan) is the delightful story of a winter picnic for all the little animals in the woods, with pictures which have in them the beautiful softness of the small creatures themselves. *Mr. Tidy Paws* by Frances Clarke Sayers (Viking) is a changeling cat, black except for three white

hairs, who is Christopher's own. And why shouldn't such a cat join a circus and dance jigs, being a changeling? Zhenya Gay's pictures of Mr. Tidy Paws and his friends are lovely.

Honk the Moose by Phil Stong (Dodd Mead) is an unusual animal story. For wouldn't any moose be called unusual who walked right into a town, and made himself at home in a livery stable? What the boys of the village did then, and what Honk himself did next after that, are most entertaining.

One Day with Tuktu (Winston) is another of Armstrong Sperry's colorful picture-story-books. And while the story itself chiefly belongs to Tuktu, the small Eskimo boy, nevertheless his adventure with Nanook, the big bear, is so important that we may indeed call this an animal story.

Piper's Pony by Paul Brown (Scribner's) is full of delightful pony pictures by an artist famous for his pictures of ponies—Paul Brown himself. Mr. Brown is also the author of this story about a Shetland pony who has many lively adventures with a family of children, and especially with Piper to whom he belongs.

Sammy, the Baby Seal by Mabelle Halleck St. Clair (Harcourt, Brace) tells of a pet seal who belonged to Sally and Dicky. Sammy learned to wrestle with Dicky, to play with the big beach ball, and to do other amusing tricks. He enjoyed himself tremendously, as did Sally and Dicky themselves.

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Judy said, rather incoherently, "Now I know why Karen and Richard are like what they are. What a mercy the eye doctor wouldn't hear of my going abroad with Miriam this winter, and that she thought of—this, instead."

"The eyes look quite bright," Mrs. Colby said, studying them soberly. "But it must have been hard for you, dear, to give up school for a whole year. It followed a bad case of measles, didn't it?"

Judy nodded mutely. And measles had followed Daddy's going, when she was so pulled-down and miserable. But she didn't feel able to talk of that yet. Probably Miriam had told Aunt Fran, though, anyhow.

THE room they ushered her into was not large, judged by the bedrooms at home at Seven Oaks, but it was sunny, and snug, and convenient, with curtains of pale gold gauze at the window that looked out on Washington Square, yellow walls, creamy woodwork, and maple furniture in early American design.

"There are only three rooms on this floor," Karen explained. "Mums and I have the big front one next to this, and Ritchie and Randy share the one that goes all across the back. Upstairs we've made the third floor into an apartment, and the nicest couple, Jerome and Sallie Slade—they're both newspaper reporters—rent it from us. The fourth floor's made over into a big studio and bedroom, and the same artist has had it for the last eight years."

She added frankly, "If it weren't for those two apartments, we couldn't possibly afford to keep this house. So you see it was a god-send when Aunt Miriam asked if we'd be willing to take you for a boarder this winter, Judy. It'll mean all sorts of little extras for us. Jam on our bread-and-butter, you might call it." She flashed a rueful, whimsical smile at the other girl. "And there's been precious little jam of late years in the Colby household."

The puzzle of Sylvia's identity and whereabouts—and concern, over her fate—keep Judy and her newly-found relatives busy. You will find a clue in the next installment.

WHERE IS SYLVIA?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the west of the Square, and long purple shadows lay on the paved walks and the dull brown earth where grass had died last autumn.

On the north side, facing the fountain in the center, is a row of stately double houses of red brick, with broad stone steps leading up to hospitably wide front doors. They are an imposing relic of the ancient social glory of the Square, but today, for the most part, they have sunk to the estate of boarding houses of the better sort.

The house in which the third generation of Colbys lived was in the middle of this old row. Karen pointed it out to Judy with affectionate pride.

"It's a darling old house, but it's pretty shabby now," she sighed. "If the present-day Colbys weren't church-mouse poor, it could still be one of the loveliest homes in all New York City. Never mind, some day Richard and I are going to retrieve the family fortunes."

Richard let them in at the white-painted door with his key, shouting for his mother as they entered the wide oak-paneled hall.

"Judy's here, Mums! We've got Judy!" In response to his call, a slender, gray-haired woman appeared promptly at the head of the curving staircase that swept up from the entrance.

Her cheeks were as pink as Karen's, and her smile had a curiously radiant quality that made the beholder smile back in instant response. Judy, conscious at once of its appeal, ran up the staircase on feet that were winged with an exquisite relief.

It had been a venture to agree to spend an entire winter with a family every member of which was a stranger to her. She had had qualms, though she had not voiced them to her stepmother who had proposed the plan.

Honestly devoted as she was to her father's second wife, she had never suspected Miriam of having such vivid, altogether charming relatives as the Colbys.

Mrs. Colby put her arms about the girl, and kissed her as warmly as Karen had done in the station. There was nothing formal or stiff about these Colbys, Judy decided with a quick little glow around her heart.

LOOKING back on those terrible, lonely months after Daddy went so suddenly, with just Miriam and herself moping about the big, quiet house, trying to be cheerful for each other—and not succeeding very well—it must be admitted that it was like being born into a wonderful, brand-new world, suddenly to be plunged into the happy *aliveness*, the jollity and warm give-and-take of people like Karen and Richard, Randy Mason, and Mrs. Colby.

She said shyly, "You are all so good to me, Aunt Fran—Miriam said I was to call you that. Do you mind?"

"Of course I'm Aunt Fran, my child," Mrs. Colby told her. "Unless—sometime when you know us all better and feel perfectly at home—you'd prefer to say 'Mums' as Karen does. Even Randy calls me that at times, and I love it. I've always," Frances Colby confessed with a soft little trill of amused laughter, "wished I had had a dozen children. Oh, at least a dozen!"



A GOOD WORD FOR CONSTANCE

CORNING, NEW YORK: It seems to me that *The Headless Haydens* and *Bright Lagoon* were the best serials we have ever had, and *Troubled Waters* is good, too. But I can't see why the girls, in their letters, criticize Constance. Personally, I am not afraid of the sea, but I just bet that if Kit and Libby had led the sheltered, petted life that Constance had been used to, a few shivers would run up and down their spinal columns, too, at the sight of a great unknown wilderness of water!

Table-top Exploring With A Camera had some unique ideas in it. I'm going to try it sometime.

Red Jacket was my favorite story for October, and I laughed until my sides ached over *Girl Scout Week*. *The Great Cornelius* was a good story, too; and so were *Hero Stuff* and *Supper for Twelve* in the November issue. I especially appreciated *Supper for Twelve* because we have just had a flood here, although it was not quite so bad as the one in the story. *The Pageant at Buffalo Forks* was the best Em and Kip story yet.

Congratulations to the Girl Scouts for developing such a marvelous magazine! May it always be a big success!

Aline Bently

ANOTHER FOR CONSTANCE AND JENKS

WILLOUGHBY, OHIO: I am a new subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but I am an old admirer. I used to read the magazine at libraries, but now I am proud to be getting it every month.

I like the stories of the F. A. D.s very much. And the serial *Troubled Waters* is tops. Of course I like Kit and Libby best, but I think Jenks and Constance are good old souls, even if the author does want you to sort of not like them.

Ruth Altman

YVONNE WANTS TO BE A WRITER

CERRO DEL CARMEN, MEXICO: Though I have been a faithful reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over five years, this is the first time I have ever written to say how absolutely splendid I think the magazine is. I can hardly hope that this letter will be considered good enough to print, but whether or no, I am going to write. My favorite characters are Kip and Em. One of the features which I like the most about them is that Lenora Mattingly Weber brings in a slight touch of romance so gracefully. *The Headless Haydens* was, in my opinion, the best serial we have ever had, though *Mystery At Shady-lawn*, *Keeper of the Wolves*, *Vagabond's Ward*, *Bright Lagoon*, and many others were splendid.

The F. A. D. stories are always amusing and interesting. So are the ones about the

Nantucket group. I like having series of stories like that; every time you see another story about those characters, you think, "Now to renew a pleasant acquaintance with old friends!"

Why don't we have any more stories about Ellen Wakefield, please? I like her very much indeed. Also, while I am asking questions, what happened to Jean and Joan in this month's issue? They have such a cute way of telling us what is coming next. Do let's have them back again.

Please continue the etiquette series. I have profited by those articles very much, though I really didn't need this last one. However, I am glad to have had it; after a while one may get lax. It is rather a pinch to wake one up, to ask oneself, "Now, my girl, do you do this as you were taught to? Do you violate this rule, simply because it is easier to do the opposite?" The articles are very good.

One more thing before I close. Please have some articles on writing. My ambition is to be an author; indeed, I have already written six stories, none of which, I am sorry to say, has ever been published. Oh well; if at first you don't succeed, try, try again!

Yvonne Mordaunt

STORIES THAT HOLD THE INTEREST

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK: I have just finished the November *AMERICAN GIRL* and I have enjoyed it ever so much. *Troubled Waters* is peachy, and so was *Supper for Twelve*.

I look forward every month to my *AMERICAN GIRL* as it is the only magazine that has stories which hold my interest. I go to a private school and so does my older sister. (I also have a half-pint brother.)

Here's three cheers for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and a long life to her!

Ginger Will

WHAT IT TAKES

CLEVELAND, MISSISSIPPI: The stories, puzzles, jokes, Girl Scout news, and everything else in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, are just what it takes to make the average American girl happy—I mean in reading. Before I took this magazine, I never liked to read magazines, because there was nothing in them that I enjoyed, but now I love to read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I also wish there was more than one copy published each month. You know—a weekly magazine.

I am fourteen years of age, a Second Class Girl Scout, and in the tenth grade at school.

Lynette Davis

FAVORITE CHARACTERS

TAKOMA PARK, MARYLAND: My sister has been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* ever since I can remember so I have always read it. And do I like it!

I have just finished *Supper for Twelve* in the November issue, and it is just grand! *Troubled Waters* is turning from an ordinary sort of story to a very exciting one. I am very anxious to find out about "them demons."

The articles, *It's More Fun When You Know the Rules*, are swell, but I thought *What Every Girl Should Know About House Decoration* was just as good.

I haven't read the new Em and Kip story yet, but I am looking forward to it with much enthusiasm as I have never found a Flying Crow yarn that I didn't enjoy. *Red Jacket* was just the story I've been waiting for, and I hope to see more of Barbara, Marjorie and Wylie. (I underline Marjorie because she is new.)

The Sue Kingsley story was great, too, and if anyone doesn't believe me, she had better start reading *The Great Cornelius* right away. I'm all for new stories of Barbara and Wylie, and Sue Kingsley and Phyllis and Meg Merriam.

Grace Yates

MARIAN ENJOYS THE MAGAZINE

CLINTON, NEW JERSEY: I enjoyed *Love My Dog* very much because I met Morris Frank and his dog Buddy when he spoke at our P. T. A. meeting.

Animal Actors on the Screen was good, too. I saw the movie *Sequoia* in which Malibu and Gato acted.

The Flying Crow stories are always good, especially *The Pageant at Buffalo Forks*. *Supper for Twelve* was exciting. I was very worried when the flood started.

I like *Laugh and Grow Scout* and I expect to send a joke soon. I am twelve years old.

Marian Leigh

LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE, BETTY

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS: I am a Girl Scout and I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL* so much.

The art series is grand, especially "Josephine," the picture in the November issue. I missed Jean and Joan this month, but I hope to see them next month.

Please have some more of Joseph Stahley's cover designs—they make the magazine.

Troubled Waters is good—in fact, all of Edith Ballinger Price's stories are excellent, and so are those by Mary Avery Glen. The Em and Kip stories are always good and I look forward to them.

Please have some articles on movies—something about Will Rogers would be fine.

Betty Jackson

BEHIND THE SCENES IN HOLLYWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

upon, he is allowed a bit of rest. His "stand-in" takes his place. A stand-in is an actor's substitute. He is not actually photographed, but he is useful in giving the actor respite while the director is working up the scene. He is the same height, weight, and build as the actor for whom he substitutes. Will Rogers's stand-in used to be an Oklahoma cowboy.

After much experimenting, the director is ready. There's a call for Will Rogers. No Will Rogers is to be found! Away goes the "prop" boy, looking for him. Away goes everybody that's free to go. Some come back, shaking their heads.

At last Mr. Rogers appears, his face wearing that well-known quizzical look. The prop boy found him off in a corner of the lot, sitting in his car, reading a newspaper he'd picked up while the time sort of slipped away. "He'll grab a newspaper anybody lays down," Mr. Burman says, "bury himself in it, and be lost to the world."

Later, we go back into the sound stage and watch another take. The set is Doctor John's steamboat. This is a showboat, now, for he has got hold of a collection of wax-works. But the people of the town where he has stopped don't approve of shows. They come with torches of flaming oil to set fire to this one.

During the course of the scene, a torch accidentally falls. The whistle blows. We hear a cry, "Fire!" Burning oil has set the floor aflame. There is a rush of people toward the spot. The fire is put out.

But something seems to be the matter with the director. Why, his arm is burned! The doctor rushes up with his first-aid kit. The hurt proves to be slight. It is bandaged quickly. The work goes on. Nothing must stop it.

But something does stop it, temporarily. We hear a sputtering and sizzling overhead. The set is in darkness. A fuse has burned out. The whistle blows! An actor has forgotten his lines. Another beginning, and another



halt, for a second actor forgets his lines. Forgetting lines, we discover, is contagious. Thank goodness, the director is a patient man! Without patience no picture could ever be made.

A scene in the jail, which we watch, a scene with a group of Negroes singing *Home, Sweet Home*, brings out an interesting fact. For, when it is over, Mr. Burman says, "If the scene is successful pictorially, but the sound effects not so good, the singers will be taken to the music studio where their song will be recorded under ideal conditions. Then this rendering of it will be used with the picture. It requires exact timing or, in the finished picture, mouths won't open on the notes they should."

One thing has puzzled us—the grayish-yellow make-up on some of the faces. If on some, why not on all?

"All complexions don't need it," Mr. Burman explains. "Men rarely have to use

DOCTOR JOHN DISPLAYS HIS WAX-WORKS

it. But you'll see women wearing it even in lunch rooms, when there's not time between takes to remove it."

At this moment we catch sight of Will Rogers. His restless hands are busy with a length of rope, coiling and uncoiling it. Mr. Burman smiles. He says, "They tell me that a director once took that rope away from him, wanting his attention at the moment. But it wasn't long before Rogers managed to get hold of a piece of string, made a little lasso out of it, and started trying to 'rope' flies."

"Does he like to act?" we asked.

"He must, because—when he's finished a scene he thinks is good—he'll start jiggling in a kind of loose shuffling step, and keep time, humming a cowboy tune. But he's humble about his acting. Once when he'd said some very nice things about my book, he told me, 'I'm going to play this part differently from anything I've ever played before. The only thing I'm afraid of is that I can't play it anything like as beautifully as you wrote it.'"

"This, from the most important actor in Hollywood, to me, a mere author! I say 'mere' because an author doesn't count for much out here. When his book is turned into a film, they make so many changes in it that, often, he can't recognize his own creation."

The actors' salaries vary enormously. The stars draw down huge sums. And yet Will Rogers said to a director once, "I'm workin' for you people for nothin'. I make my livin' out o' newspaper gags and radio talks. What you pay me I hand over to Uncle Sam in taxes." Just his joke. What money really meant to him was helping people out.

Will Rogers was never known to wear a dress suit except in a picture. It wasn't even clothes when he did wear it, merely a costume. But as we watch him on the screen (although we can never see him in life again), it's exactly this quality of simplicity that makes us realize we are seeing one of the truest gentlemen America ever produced.



DOCTOR JOHN AND FLEETY BELLE AT THE WHEEL OF HIS MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT

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The Cure

"Mother, I've got a stomach ache," said Jane, aged five.

"That's because you haven't had any lunch yet," answered Jane's mother. "Your stomach is empty. You'll feel better when you have something in it."

That afternoon the minister came to call and, in the course of the conversation, he remarked that he had been suffering all day with a severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," piped up little Jane brightly. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."—Sent by CLEMENTINE GALLERON, Reno, Nevada.

The Reason

TEACHER: Name a great inventor, and his chief inventions.

PUPIL: Thomas A. Edison. He invented electricity. And then he invented the phonograph and the radio, so people would stay up all night and use his electric light bulbs.—Sent by BARBARA BARTLETT, Greencastle, Indiana.

Overheard at the Zoo

TENDERFOOT: Does it cost much to feed a giraffe?

FIRST CLASS: No, a little goes a long way with them. Sent by MARY LOUISE BOYCE, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

True to Form



SMART SAMMY: I just killed five flies—three girl-flies and two boy-flies.

DUMB DORA: How do you know that?
SMART SAMMY: Three were on the mirror, and two were on the table. Sent by DOROTHY KENNEDY, Camden, Arkansas.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



At the Minstrel Show

INTERLOCUTOR: Which is better—five cents or a dollar?

END MAN: Five cents because it goes to church more often.—Sent by DOROTHY RANDALL, Morton, New York.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

The Output

A Tenderfoot and a Second Class Girl Scout were walking along a street on the outskirts of a city. They passed a large building with the sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company," across the top.

The Tenderfoot took a good look at it and, turning to the Second Class Scout, remarked, "Well, I never knew before where all the Smiths came from!"—Sent by ELIZABETH SMITH, Buffalo, New York.

Discovery

Two small boys were walking in the woods, seeking adventure and what

they might find. One picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tom," he called excitedly, "come here quick! I've found a porcupine egg!"—Sent by HELEN MARTIN, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Couldn't Help It



VISITOR: How did you come to have such a long beard?

SCOTCHMAN: My brother left home ten years ago with the razor.—Sent by MADELYNNE SCOTT, Ceres, California.

Clever

TEACHER: If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep is called a flock, what would a number of camels be called?

STUDENT: A carton.—Sent by MARY AGNES PRATT, Windsor, Connecticut.

An Exception

LADY: Have you been offered work?
TRAMP: Once! Aside from that, I've met nothing but kindness!—Sent by JOAN GEILER, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

MR. GABRIEL'S BALL GOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

She added, "And that is—that Mr. Gabriel Randolph may keep his home."

On the evening of Washington's Birthday, Cynthia descended from an ancient horse-drawn carriage—which her aunt insisted was the only suitable equipage for such an occasion—at the door of the stately old mansion of the St. George Ravenels, where a procession of vehicles, both ancient and modern, was discharging romantically costumed belles and beaux of other days.

A dignified Negro opened the door and directed the guests to the rooms where they would remove their wraps. When Cynthia came down to the hall again, another stately servant asked her name, conducted her to the drawing room, and announced in a deep bass, "Miss Cynthia Adams."

At once a girl of about her own age came forward. "Oh, Cynthia Adams, I am so glad to meet you! I'm Julia Ravenel." Taking her guest's hand, Julia led Cynthia to her parents. Mr. Ravenel bowed and Mrs. Ravenel curtsied; then each warmly welcomed Miss Pinckney's niece.

The mansion—one of the show-places of Beaufort—was a dream of beauty that night. The chandeliers with their long glittering drops, and the girandoles on the convex mirrors, were filled with lighted wax candles; tall china and cut glass vases and jars on the carved mantelpieces bloomed with roses of every color. An orchestra played in the ballroom, and Cynthia was entranced with the beauty of the old-time music which lured the feet to dance as instinctively as modern jazz. There were waltzes, stately minuets, and rollicking country dances in which a Negro fiddler called the steps.

But the costumes were the glory of the party. All the girls wore crinolines and satins, or white India muslins, or India silks; all the gowns had voluminous skirts trimmed with flounces, and bodices that fitted close and were finished with a point below the waist. All the young men wore satin or velvet coats with long tails and many shining buttons, gorgeous-hued waistcoats, high white stocks, pantaloons strapped at the instep, or satin knee breeches and stockings of silk. All were heirlooms, and many had appeared in olden days at the famous St. Cecilia balls in Charleston. None, however, was more admired and exclaimed over than the gown of Miss Sally Randolph, that suited to perfection the brunette coloring and slim figure of the guest from Boston.

Cynthia had many partners, and she found them quite as jolly as her friends at home. The hours passed on twinkling feet. Then Ralph Nesbit, a young Charleston lawyer, asked her to dance the quadrille that was to precede supper. Mr. Ravenel, who knew the figures, was to dance in their set.

In one of the figures, her partner's knee buckle caught in a flounce of Cynthia's skirt. "I'm so sorry," Ralph said contritely. "I do hope I haven't torn it."

"It's nothing," she answered, and went on with the dance.

But Cynthia had heard a ripping sound in the satin skirt. Had she injured Mr. Gabriel's heirloom? As soon as the quadrille

was ended, she went to the row of chairs along the wall and, stooping, spread out the wide billowing skirt. Her partner murmured his concern. Mr. Ravenel, coming up to her, asked, "Did you tear that wonderful frock?"

"I hope not," Cynthia smiled. "There is a little slit, but a needle will quickly mend it."

"That's not a slit," said her host. "That's a pocket."

"Why, so it is," said Cynthia, and put her hand in what she had thought was a tear. Something crinkled under her fingers.

"There's a piece of paper!" she exclaimed, drawing it from the pocket. "An old envelope, with nothing inside. It's addressed to Miss Sally Randolph, Beaufort, South Carolina. It must be centuries old." She handed the paper to her host.

Mr. Ravenel, examining the time-stained envelope, exclaimed, "But the stamp! It's an Alexandria provisional issue of 1845!"

Cynthia and Ralph Nesbit, impressed by the awe in their host's voice, stared wonderingly at the circular design in the corner of the envelope—a wreath with the words

The Old Watchdog

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

The leaves make gentle crisping sounds

Beneath the old dog's busy feet

As he patrols the quiet street

Upon his self-appointed rounds.

His muzzle grays; and sleep is good,

And petting needful for his ease,

And food thrice-sacred—yet all these

He yields for some half understood

Yet sternly driving duty. Thus

He chases squirrels and passing cars,

Then lifts his eyes as to the stars

In faith he is protecting us.

inside, "Alexandria Post Office, Paid 5."

"Yes!" went on Mr. Ravenel. "It's an authentic Alexandria, Virginia, Postmaster's issue, and on bluish paper, too!"

"Is it valuable?" asked Cynthia, peering over his shoulder.

Mr. Ravenel smiled. "On buff paper, that stamp is worth from five to eight thousand dollars. But on bluish paper, it's worth anywhere from twelve to fifteen."

"Twelve to fifteen thousand dollars?" gasped Cynthia.

Her host nodded. "I have a friend in New York, John Rogers, a collector of early American stamps, who would give his eyeteeth for that one. He's often spoken to me of wanting one, but they're scarce as can be. I think there are only two or three on bluish paper in the world. And you've found one, you lucky girl!"

"In Mr. Gabriel Randolph's great-grandmother's pocket," Cynthia laughed. "There's romance for you! I mean, isn't it absolutely wonderful?"

"I'll tell the world!" chortled Ralph Nesbit. "And now may I have the great pleasure of escorting the wonderful finder out to supper?"

It was a magnificent supper copied from an ancestral menu, with terrapin and turkey and a great variety of jellies, creams, and custards, but Cynthia, thrilled by the thought of the treasure in her pocket, scarcely tasted them, nor did she particularly notice the table ornamented with two doves of *blanc mange* in a nest of fine, gold-colored shreds of candied orange peel, and a tall iced cake in the shape of a castle, with the American flag on the tower, and the arms in colored candy on the walls.

"Keep that envelope safe," Mr. Ravenel said to her when she bade her hosts good-night. And Cynthia put the precious piece of paper under her pillow when she went to bed.

In the morning she restored it to the pocket of the gown and, packing the dress, stockings, slippers and other things in the pasteboard box, took them to Mr. Gabriel's house. Isaiah was busy with a trunk in the hall.

"Is Mr. Gabriel in?" Cynthia asked.

"He's choosin' some books to take from his lib'ry, ma'am."

Cynthia went into the book-lined room. "Good-morning, Mr. Gabriel. It's a lovely day. The party was top-hole—absolutely marvelous. And Miss Sally's gown made the greatest hit."

"I'm very glad," smiled Mr. Gabriel, though he looked disconsolate and rather forlorn.

Cynthia set the box on a table and unpacked the dress. "I hope I didn't hurt it. There's a slit in the skirt." She handed the gown to him.

"A slit? Oh, no, my dear, that's a pocket." To show her, he put his hand in. Then, feeling the paper, he drew it out. "An envelope addressed to my great-grandmother." He started to crumple it.

"Oh, don't do that!" she cried quickly. "There's a stamp on it."

"A stamp? Why, so there is! Do you collect such things? It's yours, my dear."

"No, it isn't! It's yours," Cynthia contradicted with dancing eyes. "And I hope it will save your house and garden, and do a lot of other things you'll like, Mr. Gabriel."

"That stamp?" he exclaimed incredulously and stared at the bit of paper.

There were footsteps in the drawing room and Mr. Ravenel appeared at the door. "Good morning, Mr. Gabriel and Miss Cynthia," he said. "I wired my philatelist friend, Rogers, early this morning, and he's just replied by wire. He says he'll give fourteen thousand dollars for that Alexandria adhesive on bluish paper, if it's genuine."

"Fourteen thousand dollars!" gasped Mr. Gabriel.

"Of course it's genuine," Cynthia declared.

"Of course it is," agreed Mr. Ravenel. "How about it, my friend?"

"Well," said Mr. Gabriel thoughtfully, "I hate to part with an heirloom . . . but I would rather have my house and garden than that stamp. I think my great-grandmother would counsel me to sell it, and so . . ." He paused, then said decisively, "Yes, George, you may tell your friend I will."

Cynthia gave a squeal of joy. "I'm going to kiss you, Mr. Gabriel. Yes, I simply must!"

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When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

HERE we are, round to the beginning of another year, and your Editor wants to use this opening paragraph to wish all of you readers much Joy, Happiness, and Health during 1936. This January 1936 column brings to an end ten years of stamp news from the same pen—it was in February 1925 that the first stamp column written by your Editor appeared in the pages of THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine.

The year just ended saw many new stamp issues from a great many countries. One of the most outstanding of all of these stamp issues was the new United States twenty-five cent stamp, issued on November twenty-second, for use on air mail carried across the Pacific Ocean to China. The importance of this new air mail route cannot be overemphasized. Now, only twelve years after mails were first flown on a definite schedule in this country, the oceans are to be crossed by means of giant flying boats, in a matter of hours instead of weeks.

The new air mail stamp issued for use on mail flown across the Pacific Ocean is the same size as the current special delivery stamp. It is surrounded by a double-line border and is printed in blue ink. In a narrow panel with white edges and dark ground across the top of the stamp is the wording "Trans-Pacific Air Mail" in white roman, with the date "November 1935" directly underneath in dark gothic. In a horizontal panel with white edges and dark ground at the center of the lower margin of the stamp is the denomination designation "25c" in white. Included in the central design is a representation of the sun rising from the shores of America, with a seaplane in flight over the ocean. At the right is pictured a modern ocean liner and at the left a Chinese junk, both partly obscured by the panels containing the denomination numeral. In the distance are a three-masted sailing vessel and a steamship, representative of the middle nineteenth century period. The shield of the United States is shown at the upper left-hand, and that of the Philippine Islands at the upper right.

This new stamp had its official first day of issue at San Francisco and at the nation's capital in Washington. Shortly after the first sale was opened at San Francisco by the Postmaster General, the first west-bound flight of air mail was dispatched across the waters to Hawaii. From there the ship went on to Guam, a tiny spot in the blue Pacific, and from Guam the route went westward to

Manila in the Philippines. This was the western terminus of the maiden flight, but it is expected that service will be extended to China about the middle of January. Many of the readers of this column were probably able to secure air mail envelopes flown in this history-making flight across the Pacific, because tremendous publicity was given the event. If you did not get any, and would like to have one for your collection, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor of this column and he will tell you how they may be obtained.

Friday, November fifteenth, was a momentous day in the history of the Philippine Islands. With a great celebration in Manila, in the presence of Vice-President John Nance Garner, Manuel Quezon was inaugurated as the first president of the Philippine Commonwealth. For the next ten years the new Government will work things out for itself—just as a child starts to walk alone—with the United States ready to step in if it falters or stumbles. But at the end of this ten-year period, in 1945, complete and final separation from the United States will take place, and what has been for thirty-seven years the farthest-away possession of the United States, will become the Republic of the Philippine Islands.

TO commemorate this great event a set of five stamps was issued in the Philippines on November fifteenth. These stamps were manufactured at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, and make a very attractive series. The design, which is the same for all values, is allegorical, showing the Philippines being received into the company of the independent nations of the world. The values are two centavos, six centavos, sixteen centavos, thirty-six centavos and fifty centavos.

We are able to illustrate for you the special mourning stamp issued in Belgium in honor of the late Queen Astrid. The Queen was killed in an automobile accident several months ago. The stamp is printed in black, and the design has been taken from the best liked portrait of her late Majesty. The value is seventy centimes, and a surcharge of five centimes is being collected by the post office. Charities associated with Queen Astrid's name, and especially those in behalf of orphaned children, are to benefit from the proceeds of this surcharge. This unusually lovely stamp is reproduced above in full size.



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